

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Constitutional Convention.

AFTER a session lasting nearly nine months, the Convention of delegates chosen by the electors of the State to frame a new Constitution for New York brought their labors to an end on the 25th ult., and adjourned *sine die*. The novel and exciting events transpiring at Washington in a large degree diverts the attention of the public from a subject which ordinarily would command their profoundest interest; and it is not unlikely that the new Constitution will be adopted or rejected, at the next general election, by voters who either little comprehend the nature of the changes proposed in the organic law, or who

will regard it simply in a partisan spirit, and "go with their leaders." The grave dignity of the laws submitted by the Convention is expressed in a word; if affirmed by the people they are immutable for twenty years. The acts of a Legislature may be repealed and amended with all the facility of a change in the by-laws of a corporation; but, save in the tedious and complicated mode provided therein, the Bill of Rights stands for law, no matter what may be the pleasure or needs of the sovereign citizens of the State. It is a most interesting spectacle to a philosopher that of a body of men, chosen for their learning, wisdom and probity, to bind and shackle the freedom of the Parliament of the State; to

fix limits and boundaries to the exercise of the will of the people; to provide pledges and securities against the statute-making rights of the free electors. This notion of an organic law which shall operate as a check in the Legislative branch of the Government is peculiarly American, and appears to be deeply fixed in the public heart. No sooner do a few thousands of settlers, sometimes no more than hundreds, complete their rough cabins and sawmills, than a Territorial Convention is called to frame a Constitution! And, that done, every man seems to feel that he and his property are enjoying certain protection and blessings unknown to those who do not live under a State Constitution! And yet the subjects of

Great Britain are in the delusion that their rights and liberties are not in danger, although at the mercy of a Parliament not hampered or restrained by a Constitution. With much deliberation the House of Commons discusses and legislates upon any measure which may be deemed of interest and advantage to the kingdom, and there is no question of constitutionality to paralyze the zeal of the reformer. And yet, although much may be said to the contrary, experience has shown that an organic law operates betimes as a breakwater to the violent surges of the popular will, and fixes a limit to the innovations of fanatics and theorists, without which the soberer portion of our society would want



BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY, ON THE 3D MARCH—THE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE ANIMALS.—SEE PAGE 10.

that chief incentive to industry and economy, a feeling of security of possession.

The Convention which has lately dispersed was composed of superior men, known as a rule to the State as well as to their neighbors and constituents, and considering the difficulty of their duties, it must be admitted by all fair-minded persons that they have presented a body of laws which commend themselves to approbation. There was quite naturally a jealousy and hostility on the part of the Democratic minority toward any changes of the present Constitution which were suspected of a Republican bias, and the majority very wisely displayed great forbearance and generosity, which in the end brought the minds of the delegates to one common desire, and there was much cordiality and earnestness of purpose to offer to the people a Constitution free from partisan character and acceptable to all parties. We think it must be conceded that never did a dominant party employ its powers either of patronage, revenge, or legislation with more moderation and impartiality than this same abused Republican party. The proposed changes are not many, nor are they of such a character as to provoke discussion or opposition among thinking people. It was not found possible to abolish the system of elective judges, the country delegates not being willing to surrender their benefits for the good of the unhappy New Yorkers. The subject, however, is left open for the people, who in the year 1877 will have an opportunity of voting directly on that single question. A few changes for the better in our city judiciary would be likely to reconcile all to the present system, for history does not furnish an example of the people surrendering back a right once conceded to them. The term of office of the Supreme Court Justices is enlarged from eight to fourteen years, and the age of seventy is fixed as the limit of their usefulness. The Court of Appeals is reorganized and greatly improved. It could not have been made worse. Equal suffrage is another question which the Convention was not disposed to act upon, and left that also for a vote of the people at an early election.

On a whole, the Convention is to be congratulated on the result of its labors, and some of its eminent members, who at great sacrifice of private interests, devoted themselves faithfully to duty, deserve well of their fellow-citizens; while many who sought and accepted the trust were rarely seen at their posts. New York city was a notable case in that regard, for of twenty delegates, the work fell upon five or six; but they chanced to be the best of them.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS: The American News Company, and the New York News Company.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper—
Commencement of Volume XXVI.

TO-DAY we introduce to the public the XXVI. Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We could be content to let the New Volume enter the arena without one word of comment, so well satisfied are we that it will "win its own spurs" and commend itself to popularity by its intrinsic merits. Still, with due regard to the conventional usage, at the commencement of its career we shall bespeak for it a welcome, such as its predecessors have received. We can do so with all the more grace and confidence because the fairest promises of success greet it at the threshold, promises founded upon the patronage that has heretofore rewarded our efforts, and upon the still more substantial basis of our determination to deserve still better in the future.

The first number of our New Volume in itself attests the abundance of our resources to entertain and instruct the people with true illustrations of the events that are of immediate interest and importance. From the beginning of the Impeachment excitement all the prominent features of that great episode in the history of the Republic have been pictured in the pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER with a faithfulness and excellence of artistic skill that have won universal admiration and applause. It is our intention to preserve and to enhance the reputation we have thus acquired, and the public may rest assured, knowing that we have always

fulfilled our pledges, that our illustrations, those already published and those to come, will form the best, the most complete, and the only accurate pictorial record of that historical drama of absorbing interest now being enacted at the National Capital.

We invite attention to the opening number of our New Volume in demonstration of the enterprise and promptness with which we illustrate every event that occupies the public mind. Without regard to expenditure and labor, and looking only to the maintenance of our journal as the best Illustrated Publication on the continent, we enter this stage of our prosperous journey on the highway of journalism with full reliance upon the popular recognition of our claims.

Reconstruction.

It is not wonderful that, in making laws to meet novel and unexpected contingencies, and in legislating in new directions, great errors, both of omission and commission, should be made. This is shown in the action of Congress in what are called the Reconstruction Laws. It has been found necessary to supplement and modify these laws from time to time, as experience has shown to be necessary, in order to effect their essential object, the early restoration of the lately rebel States to the Union. The latest enactment grew out of the failure of the newly-framed Constitution of Alabama, because the original Reconstruction Law required that it should receive a majority of all the registered votes of the State, instead of a majority of the voters voting. The original law, which has been changed, so that a majority of votes actually cast shall decide the question, gave the rebels and their sympathizers every possible advantage. "By counting every vote not given for a measure, as given against it, we arrive at the extraordinary fact that every sick and absent voter has voted against it. Nay, we arrive at the marvelous result that the dead have voted against it; for between the day of registering and the day of voting somebody must have died. The man who drew the original law must have been a man of genius. The law should have been exactly reversed. Silent votes must be presumed in favor of any measure." If we have to "reconstruct" again (which heaven forbid!) we shall know better how to do it.

"It Moves!"

We have another evidence of the advanced and liberal ideas of Northern Germany. Mr. Bancroft telegraphs that he has concluded a convention in Berlin, by which the American claim of the right of self-expatriation is recognized. We are not yet acquainted with the details, but presume that the recognition is complete, with no restriction beyond what may be necessary to prevent an abuse of the right.

As it is with Germany alone that we have had good cause of complaint in this matter, this arrangement may be taken as settling it permanently. The other continental States will no doubt willingly enter into similar conventions, since they can have no real interest in opposing the American doctrine. Great Britain, which has long conceded it in practice, is far too rational to insist on obsolete pretensions, and with ordinary diligence on the part of the Government by the next 4th of July we may have the satisfaction of knowing that the United States has added another new article to the Laws of Nations in the interest of humanity and civilization.

With this prospect before us, we hope Congress will postpone further action in this matter, which, as we have repeatedly shown, is not a subject for Congressional enactment, but for friendly negotiation. The blather of the Fenians in and out of Congress can do no good, and may do harm in delaying the consummation of the very measure which they affect to have at heart, but which they agitate only in the hope of raising a side wind in favor of their crazy schemes in Ireland.

Guarding the Insane.

A few days ago a fearful tragedy took place in the Insane Asylum at Augusta, Maine. A young woman under the influence of mania, beat another woman, also a lunatic, to death in a horrible manner. Not very long ago a similar horror was perpetrated in another asylum, and there have been others, fortunately few, and at long intervals, in institutions of the same kind about the country.

Now such acts could not take place without some radical error or culpable carelessness in the management of patients of this description. This country is, thanks to Miss Dix and a few other enlightened philanthropists, considerably in advance of many parts of Europe, and of the world generally, in the treatment of the insane. A vast improvement in the direction of humanity has been made during the past twenty years or so in this respect. In-

deed, as a rule, the system pursued in American asylums seems almost perfect. But a single case, like the one specially recorded above, is enough to bring doubt and discredit, if not upon the system itself, at all events upon the institution in which it occurs. There should be no possibility of such a calamity ever taking place. Patients should be so guarded and watched that an opportunity for such fatal violence could never, under any circumstances, occur. Madmen or women are never to be wholly trusted. A seeming confidence may be reposed in them, for this tends to their benefit, allaying their nervous suspicions and giving them a sense of self-respect which is found highly useful in promoting cure. But this confidence should be only seeming; and a personal freedom so complete as to allow time and opportunity for a deliberate homicide could only be the result of criminal neglect, or culpable ignorance of the phenomena of insanity.

A full investigation ought to be made into the deplorable catastrophe at the Maine Asylum, and the person or persons through whose carelessness or stupidity it occurred should be severely punished. Human life is equally sacred whether the mind of its owner be sound or diseased.

English Cars on American Railways.

One of the new coach cars was put on the railway from Boston to this city last week. This is an attempt to introduce the English style of railway-car into this country. The car has six compartments, capable of seating six and eight persons respectively, very much after the manner of a family or stage-coach, and is designed for the accommodation of traveling parties who wish to be by themselves. It is decidedly an anti-republican idea, and whether it will produce pleasant results upon the minds of the traveling community remains to be seen.

The car placed on the New York and Boston Railway has another peculiar feature, in its warming apparatus. This is a new invention—or, rather, a modification of a European plan—and is known as Barber's Patent Car-Warmer. The patent consists in placing a heater underneath the car, instead of inside, and having a series of pipes extending from this heater into and through the car, especially under the seats. These pipes are filled with water, which is heated by the stove, and forced, by the pressure of the steam, through the car, thus keeping up a steady circulation, and warming the car uniformly and pleasantly.

This is certainly, in some respects, a great improvement upon the present system of stoves inside the cars, but it does not solve the problem of safety from fire in case of accident. The car would be nearly as liable to catch fire, if wrecked by collision or otherwise, from a stove fastened to it underneath, as from one within; and, besides this, in the Barber patent, there is the certainty of being scalded by the hot water and steam from the broken pipes.

No plan will be safe, in fact, which necessitates a fire in direct connection with the car containing the passengers, and the system pursued in Europe, of placing strong iron tubes of hot water in the cars, and refilling them at regular intervals, though a more clumsy and slower method, is, so far, the only positively safe way discovered of keeping railway travelers warm.

Things of the Day.

MR. MURDOCK is advertised to give a series of readings in Chicago for the benefit of Mrs. Dickens, a poor widow in that city, and sister-in-law of Charles Dickens, whose writings abound in benevolent characters and open-handed charities. The price of gold is said to be the barometer of public opinion. If danger impends and storms threaten, "up it goes." If the sky is clear and everything looks fair "down it goes." Well, on the day of the impeachment it went up to 141 1-2; just one week after it went down to 140. N. C.—Mr. Jesse D. Bright, who was expelled from the United States Senate for his openly expressed sympathy with the rebellion, was voted for by a large number of the Democratic members of the Kentucky Legislature for Senator. He once sent a letter through the rebel lines, a letter introducing a manufacturer of firearms, addressed to "Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy." He lately made a speech, pending the election for Senator in Kentucky, in which he said, referring to the United States debt: "I never intend to vote for paying a dollar of the principal of the debt. I will never pay a dollar of it in coin, but I will vote, if the Democracy so will, for paying it in paper; and then let the paper take care of itself." That is to say, of course, refuse to pay it altogether.—One of the oldest relics of Chaldean art has been recently acquired by the British Museum. This is the signet cylinder of Ili, who reigned over Lower Chaldaea about 2050 B. C.—The *Macon Journal* is "listening for the tap of the drum and the first shot that will tell of an armed collision between hostile forces at Washington." It will live to a good old age if it keeps listening until it hears the tap.—Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his book, "Spiritual Wives," assumes (which by the way is untrue) that social immorality prevails in the United States to a greater degree than in any other part

of the civilized world, and then proceeds to say that it is due to the fierce religious excitements which periodically sweep over the country, and for a time unsettle the feelings and principles of the people, and not to the license which democratic institutions and democratic liberty are supposed to encourage.—The Duke of Argyll, at a late meeting of the National Bible Society of Scotland, maintained that "When we discover in Holy Scripture (that which at first sight might seem to disprove its supernatural character) the marks of human infirmity, not only in its text, but in the substance, and discover the meaning of this, we get from this a proof of its being from above, which we did not expect, and which, so far from taking from its heavenly origin, adds proof that it is from above."—A paper out West refuses to believe that General Grant is a candidate for the Presidency because nobody has begun abusing his wife.—Iowa has three female editors—Mrs. Money, of the *Jefferson Era*; Mrs. Hartshorn, of the *Corydon Monitor*, and Mrs. Mary Read, of the *Wright County Register*.—The Ohio River bridge, at Louisville, will be finished in 1869; it will cost \$1,600,000, be 95 feet above high water, and one mile long.

THE University of Oxford, England, has rejected the application of certain stalwart beggars from this country, who are abroad on a mendicant mission, professedly on behalf of the "University of the Southern States"—if anybody knows what that is or where it is. They want half a million of dollars, and want to raise it in Great Britain, where more than half of the population can neither read nor write. We hope these beggars, or all others who go abroad and humiliate the American name by passing round the hat, like the organ-grinder's monkey, may not receive a single shilling. Great Britain has enough to do to take care of her poor, and if she has money to spend on education, let it be bestowed at home, and thus in some degree purify the flood of poverty and ignorance which she annually pours on our shores. We can take care of our own people, and educate them, too, for that matter.

THE *New York Times*, which has been, in common with a very large class of our citizens, opposed to the impeachment of President Johnson (chiefly on the ground that his term of office is nearing a close, and it is better to endure his administration for a few months than go through the scandal of an impeachment), is nevertheless constrained to say:

"We have very little doubt that it would be to the advantage of the country, in very many ways, to have somebody besides Mr. Johnson in the executive chair. It would, as we have already urged, put an end to the conflict which has been going on for the last three years between the President and Congress, and which has paralyzed the Government precisely at a time when vigorous and decisive action was imperatively demanded by the public good. It would unquestionably be a great boon to the country to end this most disastrous strife, and restore unity of action and harmony of sentiment between the two departments on which the whole vigor and efficiency of the Government depend. We admit this fully, and should heartily rejoice to see that result brought about."

ONE of the most remarkable monuments of industry and system we have ever seen is the "Historical Record and Encyclopedia of the Great Rebellion," by Mr. Townsend, now in the library of Congress, where it has been placed, with a view to its sale to the nation. It consists of nearly a hundred great volumes, containing cuttings from the newspapers of all of importance to be found in them relating to the war—descriptions, biographies, and facts, incidents and speculations of every kind. It is a perfect mine of historical materials. Of course this vast amount of matter would be almost entirely unavailable unless properly classified and indexed, a labor which Mr. Townsend has performed with wonderful patience, fidelity and skill. It is this part of his work which gives to the whole its great and exceptional value, and makes it a national monument worthy of a place in the archives of the capital.

THE Hibernian party of the country has been greatly shocked at the prospect of Hon. John Morrissey (ex-bruiser) being obliged to sit in the House of Representatives on the same floor with negro Congressmen. It is doubtful if he will have that honor, since the Constitution provides that no person can be a Senator who has not been nine years a citizen of the United States, nor any person a Representative who has not been seven years a citizen. It makes little difference, at present, whether the citizenship of the blacks dates from the proclamation of emancipation, or from the abolition of slavery by the Constitutional Amendment, or from their enfranchisement by the Reconstruction acts of Congress. At least two years must yet elapse before any Representative of color can be admitted to the halls of Congress.

THE question of international copyright is up in Congress, through an elaborate report from Mr. Baldwin on behalf of the library, accompanied by a bill. Some of the provisions of this bill seem to us complicated and useless, not to say idle; but with its great object we fully accord, and hope this session of Congress will not close without giving us a liberal, clear and efficient international copyright law. We reserve our comments on the proposed law for another occasion.

ONE of the most common of errors is that the President has the right of making removals, although he has not the power of making appointments, without the "advice and consent of the Senate." It may be that the Senate has not always insisted on its right to be consulted in the case of removals, but the right has not thereby been invalidated. The right in one case naturally

involves its existence in the other. On this point Daniel Webster said, as long ago as 1835:

"The power of appointment naturally and necessarily includes the power of removal, where no limitation is expressed, nor any tenure but that at will declared. The power of appointment being conferred on the President and Senate, I think the power of removal went along with it, and should have been regarded as a part of it, and exercised by the same hands. I think the Legislature possesses the power of regulating the condition, duration, qualification, and tenure of office in all cases where the Constitution has made no express condition on the subject."

We have accounted in part, in previous speculations on the subject, for the relative non-progression of France in population, by alleging that its producing male population has been lost in war, or paralyzed in camps. What the losses in war were, during the reign of the first Napoleon, we may get at very closely, and from accessible statistics it would appear, that France alone lost between 1791 and 1814 not less than 4,556,000 men. This does not include the 250,000 men who were in the army in 1791, unless it be intended to offset them against those who survived those twenty-five years of massacres. But, even then, there should be joined to this bloody becalomb, 300,000 of the royalist party who fell victims to the civil wars of the Vendee, of Languedoc, &c., &c. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to put down the number of Frenchmen destroyed by the war at 5,000,000, say 217,400 men per annum, or about 600 men per day. In this statement we take into account the losses of France alone, and it is a well-known fact that during the latter ten years Napoleon was very sparing of the lives of the French soldiers, using the Italians, the Belgians, the Dutch, and other contingents, to oppose the Russians, the Prussians, the Austrians, and the English. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to place the loss of men in Europe during that bloody period of twenty-three years at 2,000 men per day. During the same period the amount raised by loans by England was \$4,023,060,000, at rates varying from 47 to 72 cents on the dollar.

The epicures of France and England, or at least those that have experimented upon the subject, have come to the conclusion, through practical demonstration, that horse-flesh, as an article of food for human beings, possesses attributes that must commend it to the most exacting palates. It is a subject that has recently attracted much attention in Europe, and it has been established by those who have feasted upon horse in all the varieties of culinary preparation that there is no reason why the flesh of that noble animal should not become as estimable as flesh of mutton, beef or goat. Our fastidious fellow-countrymen and women may not be quite prepared to accept the verdict of the transatlantic philosophers in gastronomy, but we presume they must come to it at last, and accustom themselves to eat horse with as much gusto as General Grant talks horse to avoid political pumping. The last number of Charles Dickens's *All the Year Round*, in deference to the popular theme, has its article upon horse as identified with the cuisine. The writer says:

"To eat horse-flesh is the first duty of man. To sing the praises of horse-flesh is incumbent upon all. Such is the frame of mind into which some of my friends are rapidly drifting. They think horse, talk horse, dream horse, and are pledged to believe in horse all the days of their gastronomic life. Give them a costly banquet, and they mentally compare its component parts with horse; talk to them of rare delicacies, and they at once refer you to horse; speak to them of starvation and distress, and their panacea is horse; in short, they have actually done what that impulsive person, Richard the Third, offered to do, and have given up their kingdom (of thought and feeling) for horse. The number of horses killed yearly in England for feeding dogs and cats—the number, again, of these which are suffering from no other disease than old age, and the quantity of flesh-meat which would be thrown upon the market, if this horse-eating creed extends, are subjects to which they give much labor and thought."

"Ever since I dined with the twenty-one philosophers who met in privacy to eat horse systematically and scientifically for the first time in England, I, too, have been looking up facts and figures relating to its consumption. The made dishes on that occasion were exquisitely good. Since then, and with the sweet and pleasant flavor of horse-flesh lingering on my palate, I have sometimes wondered how much of it I have eaten unconsciously in England and abroad. Those amiable Paris restaurant-keepers, who provide six courses and a pint of wine for a couple of francs, are they unacquainted with the succulent merits of horse? Is German sausage free? Are polonies pure? Can a la mode beef lay its hand upon its heart and say, 'Avaunt! I know thee not?' That horse-meat is a common but unacknowledged, more or less, article of food in England, just as it has been for the last fifteen years, more or less, common and acknowledged in Paris, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, Belgium, Wurtemberg, Denmark and the Hanse Towns. They say it must be so, and ask, 'Where else do the horses go to?' My hippological friends assert it must be so. They say, 'Where else do the horses go to?' Not all to the domestic dogs and cats, to the wild beasts, or to the hounds. The number killed in London alone are, we are assured, more than can be accounted for in that way."

Our first experience in horse-eating was on the far-off banks of the Gila, when, from the dusky hands of a Mariopoc damsel, we accepted a dish of mare's soup, boiled with wheat, in a basket. The act of boiling in the basket was as much a curiosity to us as the pottage was a novelty. It is true that we were very hungry, but we think it safe to add our testimony to the experimentalists in Paris and London, that horse, properly cooked, is not to be despised as an addition to the resources of the dinner-tables of the civilized world.

The great fancy dress ball of the Arion Society came off at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, March 5th, and fairly eclipsed all attempts in the past to excel in the innocent follies of the masquerade by the grandeur of its scenic display, the richness and wonderful variety of costumes, and the superlative drollery of its monster procession. About nine o'clock the curtain slowly rose above the stage, to the infinite delight of the masquers, who had directed many anxious looks thereto, and one of the liveliest pictures of fairyland was presented. Upon an elegant throne, with a canopy of gold and crimson cloth, and surrounded by a becoming retinue, stood the venerable Prince Carnival, in a right royal posture. The throne stood upon the summit of a grotto, surrounded by great clusters of ferns and lilies. In the background was a faithful representation of a rising sun, which, aided by some ingenious mechanical arrangements, imparted a brilliant lustre to every feature in the tableaux. A highly amusing pantomime was performed about the throne, in which David's fearful encounter with the giant Goliath

was revived with much earnestness and success; after which, and amid a flourish of trumpets, the Prince gave the order for dancing to begin, and heels flew about in light, tripping measure until quite an advanced hour in the following morning. A remarkable feature of the entertainment was a huge hoghead, an overgrown lager beer keg, representing the Great Tun of Heidelberg, the head of which being knocked in by a score of stalwart coopers, with ponderous sledges, from the deep recesses of the gigantic cask there issued a procession of beings wonderful in the variety of their grotesque costumes. Nothing more successful than the Arion Ball has been witnessed during the season—a season, let us say, unusually brilliant and attractive.

Periodically, the lovers of the marvelous are accommodated with strange stories of wild men of the woods, and wilder women, roaming untamed with the beasts of the wilderness. The following, however, is well authenticated, and Mr. Barnum cannot better redeem his burnt-out fortunes than by the capture and exhibition of this feminine Orson: "In the Grand Cane neighborhood in this county, a short time ago, a gentleman in the depths of the forest suddenly came upon a woman as wild and almost as fleet as an untamed deer. After a brisk chase of some distance, the gentleman on horseback overtook the wonderful creature, when she halted, and he found her to be a medium-sized, middle-aged, well-formed woman, with long, dark hair, and clear blue eyes. She was in a state of nudity save a girdle of gray moss about her loins. Her body and limbs were covered with a beautiful coat of hair about four inches in length. She was much frightened and seemed unable to talk, but must have comprehended signs, as in reply to motions of the gentleman by which he sought to induce her to accompany him out of the wood, she constantly pointed to her own forest home. Finally, the gentleman endeavored to compel her to go the way he desired, by getting before her, and by threatening gestures with his gun, and she, becoming enraged, seized a club, and turned upon him with the fury of a demon, and it was only the speed imparted to his steed by a liberal use of the spurs that he kept out of her way. After driving off her pursuer, she resumed the direction she had so constantly pointed, and was soon out of sight. The gentlemen followed, and after going some distance, came upon her home. Three trees, standing near each other, in a triangular form, with the spaces between them walled up with brush and moss, made her moss bed between them secure from the rude blasts of winter, and comparatively secure from the pitiless rain. The only stores that were discovered were a few nuts and some four or five bushels of acorns. Very wild stories of this wild woman have been rife in the upper part of the county for some time, but she was believed to be a myth by all except those who claimed to have had glimpses of her. Now, however, her existence, description, and the vicinity at least of her whereabouts, are established beyond controversy. Her early capture may be regarded as within the range of probability, as a concentrated effort is being made to that end."

THE PAST THEATRICAL WEEK.

THE past theatrical week has been marked by another of those unexpected calamities which from time to time interfere with the ordinarily pleasant existence of the caterer for public amusement.

Once more has P. T. Barnum's Museum been destroyed by fire.

We of course leave to our brethren of the pencil and their able collaborators with the graver and the pen the task of depicting and chronicling the various scenes and dramatic incidents which occurred on Monday night and Tuesday morning, during the destruction of a building which has been so intimately linked with the memories of all in this city who have supported public amusement in any shape. For more than a score of years was the old Chinese Museum one of our most select spots for every species of entertainment. It then fell into the hands of the departed Lion King, Van Amburgh, and finally Mr. Barnum, burnt out of his location in Ann street, set up his sign upon its exterior.

Attention, however, ought to be called to the state of the thermometer at the time of the conflagration. The night was possibly the coldest in the season, and the Ice King, at the moment in which we write, has still left his frozen freaks hanging in all sorts of quaint lines, grotesque cornices and cratty modeling along the outside shell of the ruined building, which is, and probably will be for a brief period, one of the most chastely odd natural masonic vagaries we have recently seen.

A benefit, or possibly several, will, as it is understood, speedily be organized for the employees who have suffered most immediately from this occurrence, and we sincerely hope that the public will, as the American public almost invariably does, contribute largely and ungrudgingly to their necessities. It should be remembered that theatrical engagements are not daily open. It is generally given and ordinarily held for the season. When a calamity like the present throws an artist out of employment in the month of March, he will usually have to wait until September before regular employment is given him.

Neither ought we to forget that it is owing to the sudden illness of Lester Wallack, that the revival of "Rose-dale" has been deferred. Trouble seems to have taken its turn amongst the theatres. First, La Grange is prevented from appearing by illness; then Mary Gannon is laid to rest, and now Lester Wallack is stricken by sickness. At the moment we mention this, we have also to record the death of Julia Dean. Let us hope that Lester Wallack will soon recover, and that malady and death may keep their hands as far as possible from the shoulders of the most charming public acquaintances any of us have.

Music would for the present seem to have settled itself upon the western side of our fashionable thoroughfare. Parepa-Rosa and Bonconi are reigning undisputed. Fike's Opera House—we recommend none who may have yet failed to see the latter in his great character in Donizetti's "Linda" to omit doing so, if the chance is offered them—while Bisteman is again waving the banner of "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" over the walls of the French Theatre.

En revanche, we have had on the other side of Broadway, Shakespeare interpreted by Fanny Kemble, in Steinway Hall, crowded on every night she has read. Her matinee on Saturday was thronged by a genuinely paying audience, attracted by interest and admiration rather than by fashion. It ought also to be mentioned, in consideration to the pockets of her self-denying manager, Mr. T. B. Pugh, that her readings terminate for the present upon Saturday next, as Mrs. Kemble, we are told, declines having this announced in the public journals.

ART GOSSIP.

On Wednesday, March 4th, Mr. Charles A. Sommer opened an exhibition in the Leeds Art Gallery, of a number of paintings, chiefly of American scenery, on which he has been engaged for several years past. Among these landscapes, seventy-five in number, many displayed merit of a high order. "Sunset in the Shawangunk Mountains," "Coming Storm—

Jersey Meadows," "Seashore," "Coast of the Orkney Islands," "First Glimpse of Morning," "Cascade in the Adirondack Mountains," "Idyl in the Woods," these we name as a few of Mr. Sommer's productions which seemed especially to draw the attention of visitors, though there were in the collection probably many other works of equal merit. The whole collection was disposed of by auction in the gallery on Tuesday evening, March 10th, Mr. Sommer intending soon to visit Europe.

Mr. George H. Hall has nearly completed a life-size composition of Spanish character, from sketches and studies made by him during a late residence in Seville and elsewhere in Spain. The elements of this picture are partly the same as those comprised in one exhibited by him during the past winter at the Academy of Design. A fruit-vender with his donkey, on the back of which is fastened a sort of tray laden with a great variety of luscious fruit, a beautiful Spanish woman of the dark Moorish type, and a little girl of the same strain, these are the components of the picture, which glows with rich, warm color, and in the arrangement and drawing of which we discern much progress made by Mr. Hall since he began to make a specialty of genre painting more exclusively than of the still-life subjects to which he had previously devoted his pencil. Several other pictures worthy of remark are also now to be seen in Mr. Hall's studio, among which we will mention a very characteristic one of a Spanish gypsy girl. The picture of the fruit-vender, to which we first referred, is intended for the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design.

The large picture of "Peaceful Homes," which has been on the easel of Mr. James Hart for above ten years past, is now nearly finished. It is a composition from the pleasant pastoral scenery of New England, with a great expanse of flat but varied country stretching away to distant blue mountains. The sky is very serene, with light banks of fleecy white clouds—the very ideal of a "quiet sky." On a knoll to the right of the foreground, haymakers are at work. Villages, with the white spires of churches, peep out from among the trees with which the valley is thickly studded. In the gardens about some of the nearer dwellings the patches of vegetables are distinctly seen, and of these the artist has skillfully availed himself to obtain some charming bits of local color. The foreground vegetation—with the downy mullens and crisp patches of herbage—is truly characteristic of American landscape. Peace and plenty give the key-note to the scene, over the whole of which the warm, perfumed atmosphere of summer is diffused. Mr. Hart is now at work on a small landscape—one of cabinet size—the subject of which is morning upon a woodland lake, with the white mists wreathing up the banks, and a herd of deer in the foreground, drinking at the edge of a little bay, the water of which is thickly covered with lily-pods.

Mr. T. W. Ward will probably place in the coming exhibition of the Academy a picture upon which he is now engaged. The subject of this composition is the return of a regimental flag which has seen hard service in the war. The deck of a steamboat is the scene. Upon it are grouped some weather-stained soldiers, one of whom grasps the flag-staff, from which the tattered flag hangs restfully and unfurled. In the distance there is a glimpse of New York city, and a tug-boat is coming alongside the troop-steamer, to give her aid. The group is full of character such as we were accustomed to see here during the latter year of the war.

In the studio of Mr. James Hope we have lately seen a picture just finished by him, and which he calls "The Gem of the Forest." The subject is taken from the wild scenery of Vermont, and is of a very truthful and striking character. Gleams of sunlight slant down among the perpendicular stems of the forest trees, and fall on the brim of a natural basin into which a little rivulet trickles from clefts in the rock. All the accessories of the forest are painted with great fidelity and skill; the velvety mosses, the decaying debris of vegetable matter, and the tints of pallid vegetation. There is much freshness and pleasant atmospheric effect throughout this picture, which will shortly, we believe, be placed on public exhibition.

Washington Gossip—A Scene in the House.

(The following statement of a fact is from the Washington correspondence of the New York Express.)

THERE was a curious scene in the House of Representatives last Saturday, which must have reminded that broken-down and highly dilapidated second-hand Macbeth, Thad. Stevens, of the famous banquet scene, where Banquo rises to terrify the assassin. While Bingham and Boutwell were gathered around Thad. Stevens's desk, which is not far from that of the speaker, some one brought in a copy of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN. The principal picture represented Columbia as the modern Pochontas, inteposing to save the life of the modern John Smith (Andy Johnson), just as Ben. Butler is about to dash his brains out with a club marked "Impeachment." Thad. Stevens and his fellow conspirators are dressed, very appropriately, as savages—the arch-fend, Thad., personating Powhatan; while Charles Sumner is standing by his side in his war paint of fuss and feathers. Pochontas is saying:

"Forbear to strike! I do forbid the blow! Although his name is Johnson, and not Smith, I yet will save him!"

Mr. Johnson has got his hands tied behind him with the "Tenure of Office Bill," while he is tipping the wink to old Butler. Thad. Stevens took the BUDGET, and, looking at it with great attention, showed it all around, and he then had it handed up to Colfax, who gave one of his grim laughs.

It is difficult to find out what Mr. Leslie's personal politics are, since his serials all seem to have a different way of thinking; but no one can doubt the ability he bestows in at least hitting all around. We rather guess, on the whole, however, he yet believes this is a white man's government.

The Female Foot—Probable Origin of the Story of Cinderella.

THE female foot has in all ages been the theme of the poet, the subject of the painter and sculptor, and the admiration of men of taste and genius. The smallness of the foot is regarded as a mark of beauty and nobility among some of the Oriental nations, and the Chinese carry this idea to such an extent that the feet of the ladies of rank are compressed within a compass so small that they are almost useless and greatly impede locomotion.

The old English poet, in describing a beautiful lady, speaks of her pedal extremities in flattering terms:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peeped in and out."

The theatrical ballad advises that

"If your foot is pretty show it."

And this advice is followed by many of our belles in crossing the streets or skating on the Rink.

But it is not our present design to write an essay on femininity, but merely to introduce a translation from a French author relating a historical event which probably gave rise to the romantic story of Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper, which every one has seen represented upon the stage. The translation is by an accomplished French scholar of the legal profession, and whether the circumstances be historically true or not, it is curious and interesting. We see no reason why it may not be a literal fact, as it is claimed to be by the French historian:

In the seventh volume of "Caneas celebres et interessantes, avoies jugemens quales ont decidees," published at Paris in 1750, there is a statement illustrative of the subject matter under discussion which has so much the appearance of being the foundation of the story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," that we are induced to translate the author.

"The fortune of Rhodope, a celebrated courtesan presents a similar event; this is her history, for which Pliny is our warrant: She was distinguished, among others of her sex, by the smallest and most beautiful feet. Such a perfection has great charms, inasmuch as two nations, the Spanish and Chinese, hold it to be one of the greatest attractions of woman. This foot, so small and so beautiful, enjoyed the advantage of pertaining to a beauty at once delicate, regular and surpassingly graceful; her favors would have been beyond price, had she not taken a fancy to barter them. The wealth derived from this source was such, that she was enabled to build one of the finest and most sumptuous pyramids of Egypt. On one occasion, when she was bathing in the river, she was much astonished at seeing an eagle stoop from his flight and seize one of her shoes. The eagle bore it off to the distance of several leagues, and dropping it into the lap of Psammiticus, King of Egypt, who was at the time administering justice in an open place. The king admired a shoe which could have been made for none other than a charming foot. He at once concluded that the gods had expressly made it for the woman who was to share his throne, and that, without having been tried on her foot, it had been sent to him as a command to seek her out. He caused the most beautiful women of his kingdom to be assembled, satisfied in his own mind that such a shoe could not have been made for an ugly woman. Throughout the entire kingdom of Egypt there were scarcely one hundred women who, on account of distinguished beauty, deserved to be presented to the king. As a matter of course, Rhodope was among the number. We are dazzled at the sight of these rare beauties; at first they cause us to lower our eyes, but soon we raise them again to admire, and again we go through this manœuvre; such is the constant movement of our look. These beautiful women, assembled before the king to try on this shoe, it may well be imagined, looked at each other with uneasy jealousy. It is needless to say that the toilet of each was arranged with a view to her peculiar attraction. The king, unwilling to trust to any one, determined to try the shoe on the women's feet himself; he caused them all to be seated, and then got down on his knees. A king kneeling before beauty is one of the most natural positions. Many feet were presented which the shoe would not fit. There could be no spectacle presented so singular and so ravishing as that assemblage of exquisite beauties, each of whom was endowed with a peculiar grace. At last the happy foot was found; it was that of Rhodope. She had hidden with great care the denouement of an adventure which of course she had foreseen; she wanted a flashing triumph over her rivals. The king saw at a glance that this amiable person had many other and greater perfections. The first step which this foot made led it to the throne; and the king thought none the less of the treasure which he possessed because many others had possessed it before him. Indeed those graces, although they had been profaned, still retained the same lustre; and the king enjoyed the pleasure of knowing that many of his subjects had a perfect idea of his happiness. It is not asserted that our happiness, when it is unknown to others, loses all its sweetness."

THE PRIEST'S SUNDAY DINNER.

A CERTAIN French priest had two partridges, which he ordered his maid to dress for his Sunday dinner. While he was saying mass, a female friend of the cook's called upon her, and was so tempted by the delicious odor of the birds that she slipped of a wing, which excited her appetite to such a degree that she ventured to take a leg, then a bit of the breast; and the cook, being herself unable to withstand temptation, followed the example, so that, between them both, the partridges disappeared altogether.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the cook found herself in a great quandary. Fortunately, a mendicant friar came to the house.

"Father," said she, "my master will be happy to see you here if he is in his right mind; but I must tell you that he has lately been insane on a particular point—he has a longing to cut off the ears of his visitors, but not always. If you will wait till he comes from church, which will be very soon, and step into this closet, you will have the power of judging, by his manner and voice, when he comes into the kitchen, whether you may venture to dine with him or not. If you hear him sharpen his knife, run, for then the wicked act will assuredly be on him."

The priest came in, and the cook asked him to sharpen his kitchen-knife in the yard. While he—good easy man—went out to go as he was bid, she hurried to the friar, drew him to a window, and said:

"Do you see him sharpening a knife? Run for your life!"

He did not wait to be twice warned, but darted off. A few minutes afterward, the cook said to her master, who had given an edge to the knife:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!—the two beautiful partridges!—they were on the spit—so nice and savory, it did one good to smell them."

"What—what?" said the priest, looking at the bare spit.

"A thieving monk came here, and carried them off in his wallet."

"Where is the thief?" demanded the priest, enraged at his loss.

"There—see there!" said the cook. "There! running away like a rogue! Do you see him?"

The priest, in a great rage, pursued the stranger; but finding he lost instead of gaining ground, cried out:

"Stop! stop! At least one—at least one!"

He wanted to capitulate, and recover at least one of the partridges; but the friar, who imagined that the priest wished to have one of his ears, replied:

"Good heavens, no! you shall have neither the one nor the other!"

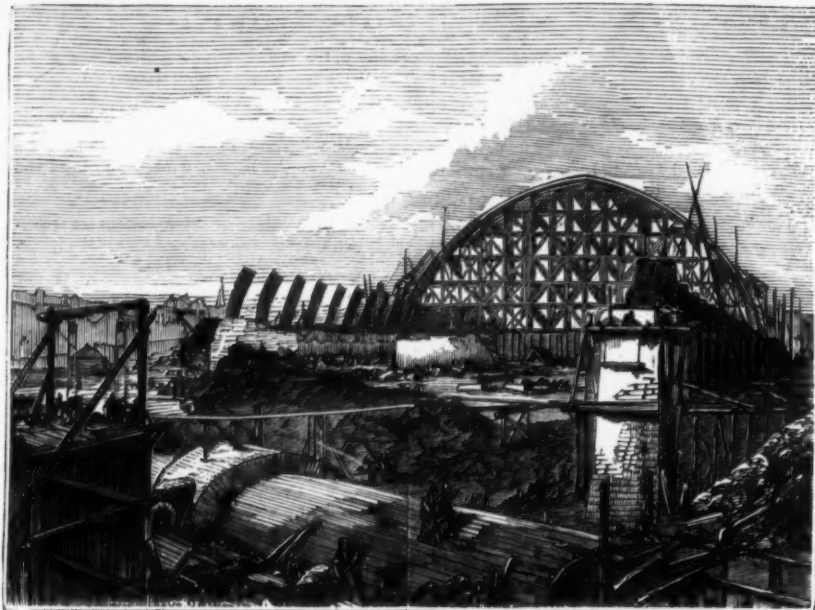
THE GREAT THEATRICAL PRIVILEGE.—Mr.

Alaric Allen prided himself on the strictness with which he enforced the prohibition against admitting strangers behind the scenes of his theatre. But there were, nevertheless, a few exceptions made in favor of literary men, dramatic authors, critics, and so forth. Occasionally, too, at rare intervals, an idle, good-humored fine gentleman gained admission. Such persons would subject themselves to unheard-of snubbings and humiliations, and to yet more intolerable patronage, in order to gain the privilege of passing an hour behind the scenes of the Theatrical Theatre. It is to be feared the end when gained was scarcely satisfactory. An idle man in a crowd of workers is never at his ease. And it was a spectacle to awaken pity in the feeling breast to behold a courteous, amiable person, a peer of the realm it might be, or "curled darling" of drawing-rooms, with a vacant uneasy smile on his face, pushed about by surly, scowling scene-shifters, sternly brushed down by the prompter, driven hither and thither, getting into difficulties with "set pieces," tripping over black coils of gas-pipe, scraping his glossy evening coat against white-washed walls, and finding everybody (from the call boy upward) too much occupied to spare any attention for his civil little speeches! Now and then there might have come a full behind the scene, when the principal performers sat and chatted in the green-room. The visitor, perhaps, would have a chance of exchanging half a dozen words with Lady Teasdale or Rosalind; or of complimenting Coriolanus on his "admirable performance." The great tragedian meanwhile answering very civilly, and very much at random, with his eyes fixed on the large payche mirror, rearranging the classic folds of his toga, and mentally debating whether his wig had the right Roman severity of outline. Perhaps the true gist and enjoyment of the thing came afterward, when the fortunate visitor would carefully allude to "the other evening when I was behind the scenes at the Theatrical, you know. Ever behind the scenes? Not so easy to get in there, but it's awful good fun."

—The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 6.



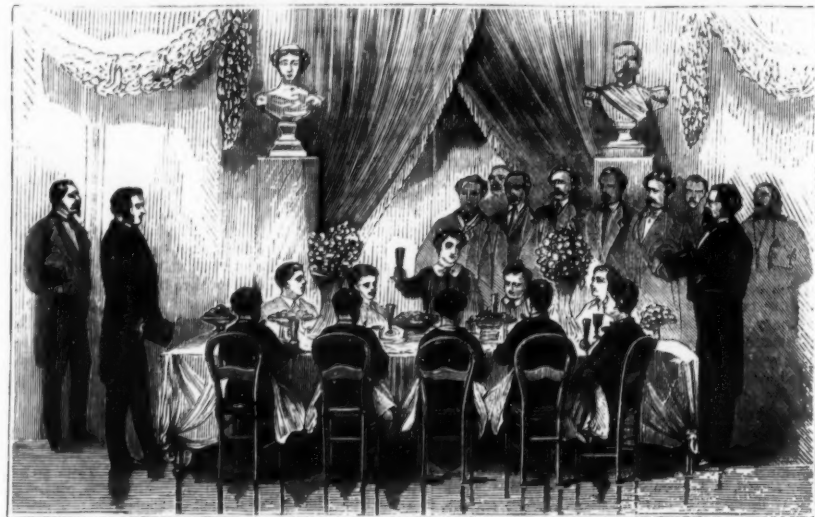
THE NEW CLOISTER IN FRONT OF THE SPEAKER'S HOUSE, NEW PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER, ENGLAND.



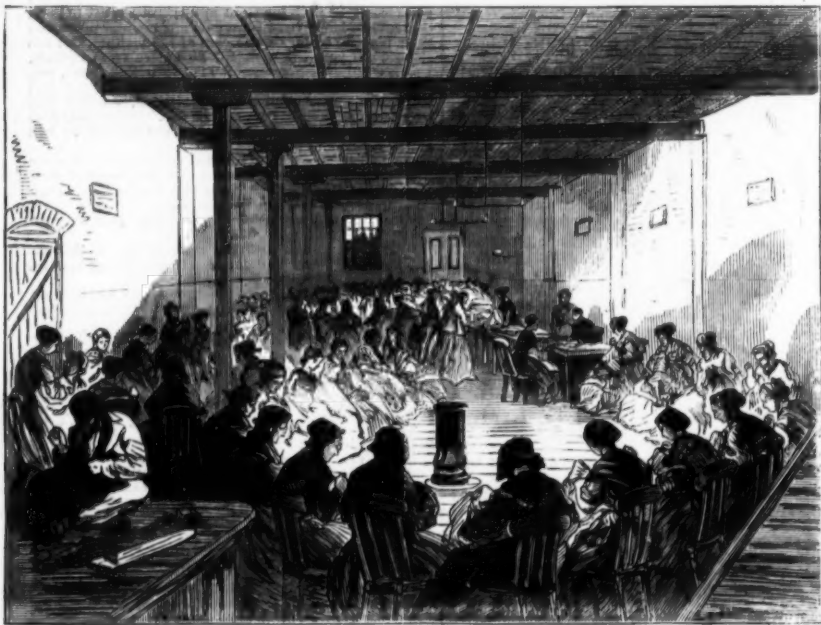
THE WORKS OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY TERMINUS, EUSTON ROAD, ENGLAND.



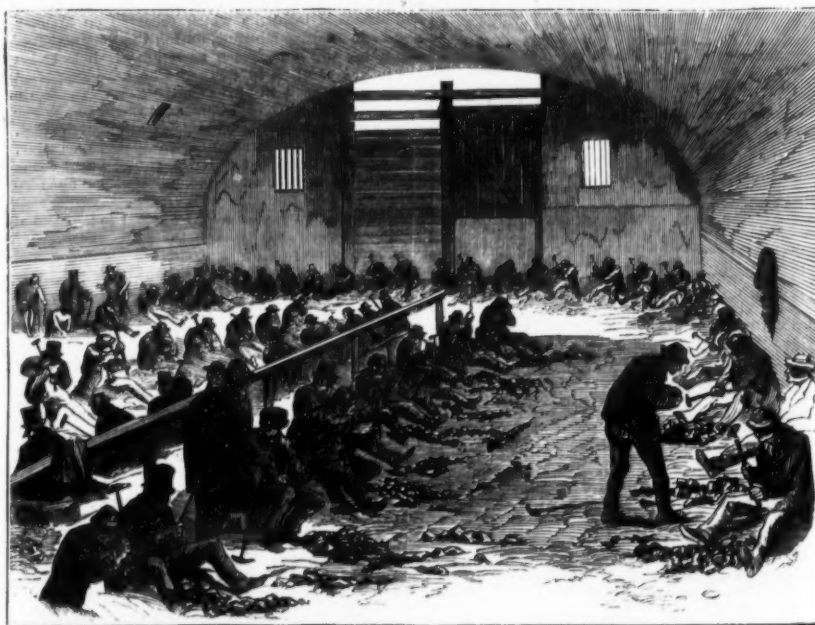
ENTERTAINMENT TO RAGGED SCHOOL CHILDREN AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK, ENGLAND.



FESTIVAL OF ST. CHARLEMAGNE AT THE PARIS LYCEE, FRANCE—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL PROPOSING A TOAST.



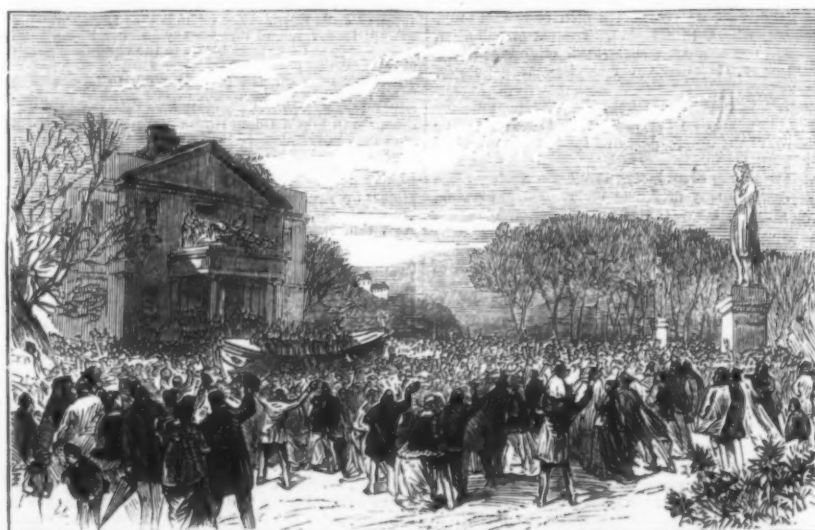
SEWING CLASS IN BERNER STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD EAST, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE LABOR YARD OF THE BETHNAL GREEN EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION, LONDON, ENGLAND.



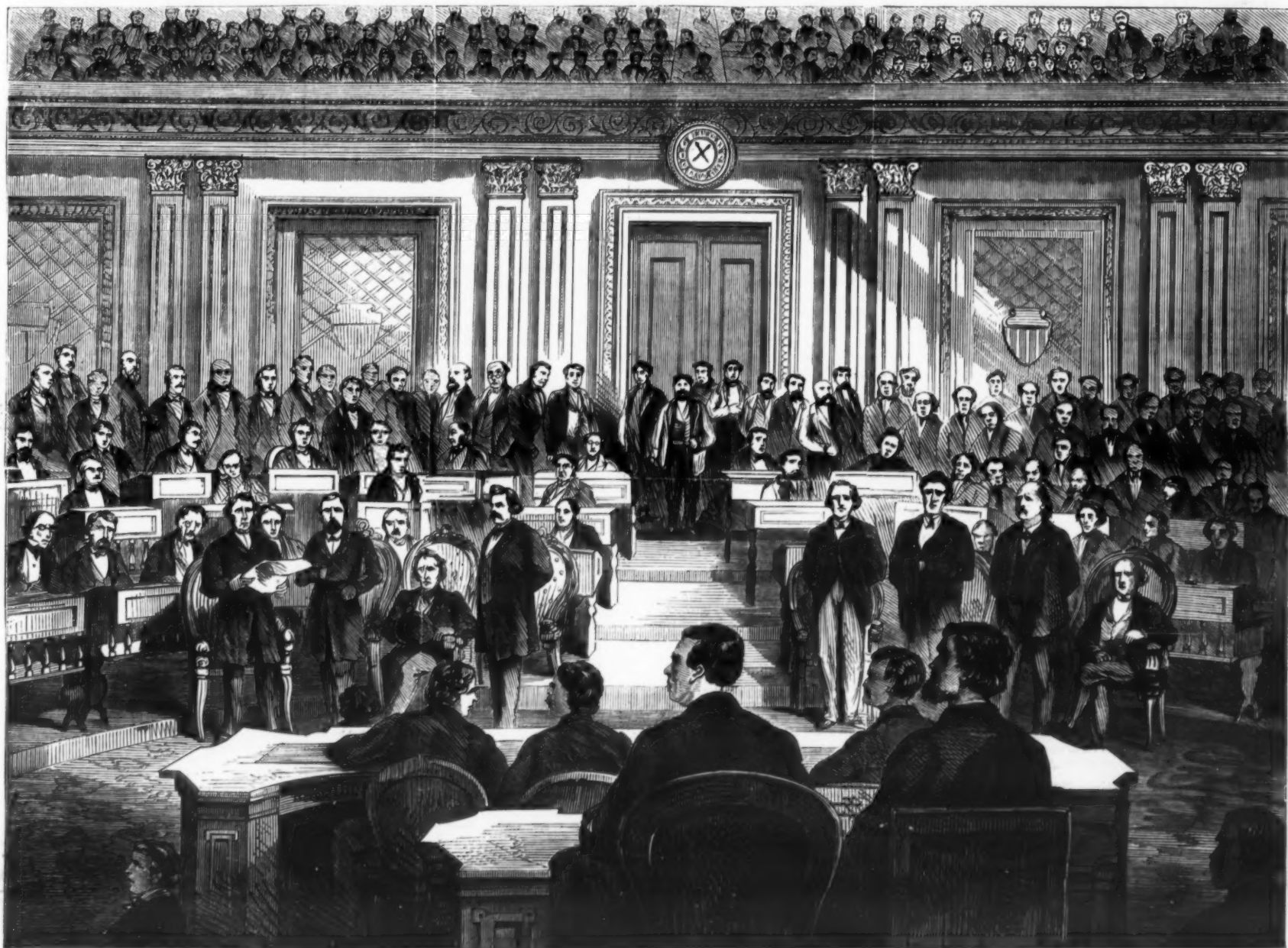
INTERIOR OF AN ABYSSINIAN HOUSE.



RACING OF THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD LIFE-BOAT, IN PEEL PARK, SALFORD, ENGLAND.



THE CHILD WIFE.—“SHE SAT SCANNING HIM, WITH STRANGE, WONDERING EYES, AS THE ZENaida DOVE LOOKS UPON THE SHINING CONSTRUCTOR.”—SEE PAGE 6.



THE HOUSE COMMITTEE OF IMPEACHMENT MANAGERS IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THE 4TH INST. — JOHN A. BINGHAM, CHAIRMAN, READING ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 6.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Entertainment to Ragged School Children at St. George's Chapel, Collier's Rents, England.

On the 4th of February last, two hundred and seventy-two children of the Ragged Schools connected with St. George's, the Martyr, in Southwark, England, assembled with their teachers at St. George's Chapel, and enjoyed a feast prepared for them. The Rev. Hugh Allen, D. D., Rector, presided, the funds for the entertainment having been contributed by the Rev. Doctor and a number of his friends. As the young guests left the chapel after tea, each one was presented with an orange. Our engraving represents that feature of the entertainment.

Cloister in front of the Speaker's House, New Palace Yard, Westminster, England.

On the east side of New Palace Yard extends, from the Clock Tower, that portion of the building of the Palace of Westminster which is the official residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Along the front of this portion of the palace a cloister has been recently built, which gives a covered access for foot passengers from Westminster Bridge to the Commons' private entrance and to Westminster Hall. It is intended to continue the cloister by means of a tunnel or subway under Bridge street to the Thames embankment and the underground station of the Metropolitan District Railway, on the north side of Bridge street. When this subway is completed, members of Parliament and others coming by the railway will be able to enter the palace by means of a covered way extending the whole distance, and almost on a level.

Sewing Class in Berner Street, Commercial Road, East, London, England.

In connection with the Central Relief Committee, at the Mansion House, a sewing class has been established in the large parish of St. George-in-the-East, for the relief of the distress that prevails at the East End of London. Only widows, or women whose husbands are out of employment, are invited to this working-party, which, in the third week of the organization, was composed of 122 women and 203 children. We give an illustration of the sewing class at work.

An Abyssinian House.

The Abyssinian house represented in our engraving was sketched by Mr. C. M'Dowall, an assistant surgeon in medical charge of the 3rd Light Cavalry of the Bombay army, at the camp of Senale. The owner of this habitation was a deacon of the Church of Senale, and a municipal authority at Senale, wearing a black sheep's wool comforter with hanging tails, around his neck, as a badge of office. This worthy played the host very hospitably, and invited Mr. M'Dowall to a repast of black bread and sour whey, with raw meat, the guest, however, declining to partake of the latter delicacy. In our engraving, the master of the house stands holding the door open, while a girl enters with a skin of water. His brother and wife are upon the raised floor, another woman is cooking at the fireplace, and a naked child plays at the mother's feet. The features of these people are of Indo-Caucasian character, the complexion dark, and their frizzly hair in worn in a chignon. Neither the habitation itself, nor the garments of the inmates, suggested cleanliness.

Banquet at the Lycee Bonaparte, Paris, France—The Prince Imperial Proposing a Toast.

The Prince Imperial of France recently presided at the feast of Charlemagne held at the Imperial Military School, the Lycee Bonaparte. The prince having taken two first-class prizes in Latin and arithmetic, had something more than his rank to entitle him to the presidency of the banquet. The prince took his place at a select table, where covers were laid for ten. The company consisted of about one hundred boys, who enjoyed the festivity without restraint. The emperor had sent a hundred bottles of champagne and a goodly provision of pheasants, hares, and partridges. A scholar of fourteen years of age proposed the health of the prince, who responded by drinking the health of the head master, and to the prosperity of the Lycee Bonaparte.

Works of the Midland Railway Terminus, Euston Road, England.

The magnitude of the works on the north side of Euston Road, for the construction of the new terminus of the Midland Railway, far exceeds anything else of the kind. Half of Somers Town was demolished to make room for the new station and hotel, which will occupy, including the station-yard, about ten acres. The enormous span of the iron arches, to form the roof of the station, fills half the breadth of the view in our engraving. It is 240 feet in width, and the height, from the railway level to the crown of the arch, is 105 feet. It is expected that the station and its approaches will be finished by the end of the year.

The Labor Yard of the Bethnal Green Employment Association, London, England.

During the present winter there has been much suffering among the poor of London, and especially in Bethnal Green, the population of which is chiefly composed of the indigent and lowly. Miss Burdett Coutts, whose active philanthropy has rendered her conspicuous in the fields of benevolence, has made great efforts recently to redeem the destitute inhabitants of that portion of the great metropolis from pauperism, and the movement has been warmly taken up by the clergy of that quarter, and the most influential of the local laity, resulting in the establishment of the Bethnal Green Employment and Relief Association. At a cost of more than £200 a week, the association employs upward of 400 men at nine shillings a week wages. They are occupied in street-cleaning and in breaking granite for the roads. Our engraving represents the latter occupation, which is carried on in three vacant railway arches, that have been appropriated to the purpose.

"Christening" of the Manchester and Salford Life-boat, in Peel Park, Salford, England.

On the 8th of February last, the new life-boat, the Manchester and Salford Sunday-school, was "christened" in Peel Park, Salford, in the presence of about ten thousand spectators. The boat is to be stationed at Douglas, Isle of Man, and was formally presented to the National Life-boat Institution. This institution has placed one hundred and eighty-six boats on the coasts of the United Kingdom, which have been instrumental in saving a great number of lives. Our engraving represents the ceremony of the "christening."

The House Committee of Impeachment Managers, in the Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., on the 4th inst.—John A. Bingham, Chairman, Reading the Articles of Impeachment.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., the Committee appointed by the House of Representatives, at Washington, to manage the impeachment of President Johnson, proceeded to the Senate Chamber, followed by the Republican members of the House. The latter remained outside the bar of the Senate, while the Committee advanced and took the seats provided for them, in the following order: Mr. Bingham on the right; Messrs. Boutwell, Stevens, Logan, Wilson, Williams, and Butler, in order as their names are designated. Speaker Colfax was invited to a seat beside the President pro tem, and was escorted to the tribunal by Mr. Grimes.

The galleries had been densely crowded all the morning in expectancy of the event, and when the bustle attendant on the entrance of the Committee had subsided, Mr. Bingham said:

MR. PRESIDENT: The managers on the part of the House of Representatives, by order of the House, are ready at the bar of the Senate to present articles of impeachment for the maintenance of the impeachment preferred against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

The President pro tem.—The Sergeant-at-Arms will make proclamation.

The Sergeant-at-Arms.—Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! All persons are ordered to keep silent on the pain of imprisonment, while the House of Representatives is exhibiting to the Senate articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Mr. Bingham then rose and read the articles of impeachment. During the reading all the members of the Committee remained standing, except Mr. Stevens, who retained his seat throughout. At a quarter to two o'clock the reading of the articles was concluded, and the Committee, with the members of the House who had accompanied them, retired from the Senate Chamber.

Our engraving is a correct representation of the scene while Mr. Bingham was reading the articles of impeachment.

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XVIII.—DOWN WITH THE DESPOTS.

TIME was—and that not "long-long ago"—when the arrival of a European steamer at New York was an event, as was also the departure. There were only "Cunarders" that came and went once a fortnight; at a later period making the trip hebdomadally.

Any one who has crossed the Atlantic by the Cunard steamers need not be told, that their point of landing and leaving is upon the Jersey shore.

In the days when such things were "sensations," a crowd used to collect at the Cunard wharf, attracted thither by the presence of the vast Leviathan.

Now and then were occasions when the motive was different, or rather the attraction—when instead of the steamer, it was some distinguished individual aboard of her: prince, patriot, singer, or courtier. Gay, unreflecting Gotham stays not to make distinction, honoring all kinds of notoriety alike; or at all events giving them an equal distribution of its curiosity.

One of these occasions was peculiar. It was a departure; the boat being the Cambria, one of the slowest, at the same time most comfortable, steamers on the "line."

She has been long since withdrawn from it; her keel, if I mistake not, now plowing the more tranquil waters of the Indian Ocean.

And her captain, the brave, amiable Shannon! He, too, has been transferred to another service; where the cares of steam navigation and the storms of the Atlantic shall vex him no more.

He is not forgotten. Reading these words, many hearts will be stirred up to remember him—true hearts—still beating in New York—still holding in record that crowd on the Jersey shore alongside the departing steamer.

Though assembled upon American soil, but few of the individuals composing it were American. The physiognomy was European, chiefly of the Teutonic type, though with an intermingling of the Latinic. Alongside the North German with light-colored skin and huge wavy mustache, stood his darker cousin of the Danube; and beside both the still swarthier son of Italy, with gleaming dark eyes, and thick chevelure of shining black. Here could be noted, too, a large admixture of Frenchmen, some of them still wearing the blouse brought over from their native land; most of them of that brave *ouvrier* class, who but the year before, and two years after might have been seen resolutely defending the barricades of Paris.

Only here and there could be distinguished an American face, or a word spoken in the English language—the speaker being only a spectator, who had chanced upon the spot.

The main body of the assemblage was composed of other elements—men who had come there out of motives quite apart from mere curiosity. There were women, too—young girls with flaxen hair, and deep blue eyes recalling their native Rhineland, with others of darker skin, but equally pretty faces from the country of Corinne.

Most of the cabin passengers—there are none: there is a Cunarder—had ascended to the upper deck, as is usual at the departure of a steamer. It was but a natural desire of all to witness the withdrawal of the stage-plank—the severance of that last link binding them to a land they were leaving with varied emotions.

Despite their private thoughts, whether of joy or sorrow, they could not help scanning with curiosity that sea of faces spread out before them upon the wharf.

Standing in family parties over the deck or in rows leaning against the rail, they interrogated one another as to the cause of the grand gathering, as also the people who composed it.

It was evident to all that the crowd was not American; and equally so, that not any of them were about to embark upon the steamer. There was no appearance of baggage, though that might have been aboard. But most of them were of a class not likely to be carried by a Cunarder. Besides, there were no signs of leave-taking—no embracing or hand-shaking, such as may be seen when friends are about to be separated by the sea. For this they were on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

They stood in groups, close-touching; the men smoking cigars, many of them grand meerschaum pipes, talking gravely to one another, or more joyously to the girls—a crowd earnest, yet cheerful.

It was plain, too, the steamer was not their attraction. Most of them faced from her, casting interrogative glances along the wharf, as if looking for something expected to appear to them in this direction.

"Who are they?" was the question passed round among the passengers.

A gentleman who appeared specially informed—there is always one such in an assemblage—vouchsafed the desired information.

"They're the refugees," he said. "French, Germans, Poles, and what not, driven over here by the late revolutions in Europe."

"Are they going back again?" inquired one who wanted further information.

"Some of them are, I believe," answered the first speaker. "Though not by the steamer," he added. "The poor devils can't afford that."

"Then why are they here?"

"They have some leaders who are going. One of them, a man named Maynard, who made some figure in the late Mexican war."

"Oh, Captain Maynard! But he's not one of them! He isn't a foreigner."

"No. But the men he commanded in Mexico were, most of them! That's why they have chosen him for their leader."

"Captain Maynard must be a fool," interposed a third speaker. "The rising reported in Europe has no chance of success. He'll only get his neck into a halter. Are there any Americans taking part in the movement?"

He supposed special information guessed not. He guessed correctly, though it was a truth not over creditable to his country, which, by his speech, could be no other than the "States."

At that crisis, when *flibustering* might have been of some service to the cause of European freedom, the only American who volunteered for it was Maynard, and he was an *American-Irishman*! Still, to this great country—to a residence among its people, and a study of their free institutions—was he indebted for the inspiration that had made him what he was—a lover of Liberty.

Among those listening to the conversation was a group of three individuals: a man of more than fifty years of age, a girl of less than fourteen, and a woman whose summers and winters might number about midway between.

The man was tall, with an aspect of the kind usually termed aristocratic. It was not stern, but of that mild type, verging upon the venerable: an expression strengthened by hair nearly white, seen under the selvage of his traveling-cap.

The girl was an interesting creature. She was still but a mere child, and wearing the dress of one—a gown sleeveless, and with short skirt—the hair hanging loose over her shoulders.

But under the skirt were limbs of a *tournure* that told of approaching puberty; while her profuse locks, precious on account of their rich color, appeared to call for pins and a comb.

Despite the difficulty of comparing the features of a man of fifty and a child of fourteen, there was enough resemblance between these two to give the idea of father and daughter. It was confirmed by the relative position in which they stood; he holding her paternally by the hand.

Between them and the woman the relationship was of quite a different nature, and needed only a glance to make it known. The buff complexion of the latter, with the "white turban" upon her head, told her to be a servant. She stood a little behind them.

The man alone appeared to heed what was being said; the girl and servant were more interested in the movements of the people upon the wharf.

The brief conversation ended, he approached the original speaker with the half-whispered question:

"You say there are no Americans in this movement. Is Captain Maynard not one?"

"I guess not," was the reply. "He's been in the American army; but I've heard say he's Irish. Nothing against him for that."

"Of course not," answered the aristocratic-looking gentleman. "I merely asked out of curiosity."

It must have been a strong curiosity that caused him, after retiring a little, to take out his notebook, and enter in it a memorandum, evidently referring to the revolutionary leader!

Furthermore, the information thus received appeared to have increased his interest in the crowd below.

Dropping the hand of his daughter, and pressing forward to the rail, he watched its evolutions with eagerness.

By this time, the assemblage had warmed into a more feverish state of excitement. Men were talking in a louder strain, with more rapid gesticulations—some pulling out their watches, and looking impatiently at the time! It was close upon twelve o'clock—the hour of the steamer's starting. She had already sounded the signal to get aboard.

All at once the loud talk ceased, the gesticulation was suspended, and the crowd stood silent, or spoke only in whispers. A spark of intelligence had drifted mysteriously amongst them.

It was explained by a shout heard far off, on the outer edge of the assemblage.

"He is coming!"

The shout was taken up in a hundred repeti-

tions, and carried on to the centre of the mass, and still on to the steamer.

It was succeeded by a grand hurra, and the cries: "*Nieder mit dem tyrannen!*" "*A bas les tyrants!*" "*Vive la republique!*"

Who was coming? Whose advent had drawn forth that heart-inspiring hail—had elicited those sentiments of patriotism simultaneously spoken in almost every language of Europe?

A carriage came forward upon the wharf. It was only a common street hack that had crossed in the ferryboat. But men gave way for it with as much alacrity as if it had been a grand gilded chariot carrying a king!

And those men far more. Ten, twenty times quicker, and a thousand times more cheerfully, did they spring out of its way. Had there been a king inside it, there would have been none to cry "God bless His Majesty!" and few to have said, "God help him."

A king in that carriage would have stood but slight chance of reaching the steamer in safety.

There were two inside it—a man of nigh thirty, and one of maturer age. They were Maynard and Rosevelt.

It was upon the former all eyes were fixed, toward whom all hearts were inclining. It was his approach had called forth that cry:

"He is coming!"

And now that he had come, a shout was sent from the Jersey shore, that echoed along the hills of Hoboken, and was heard in the streets of the great Empire City.

Why this wonderful enthusiasm for one who belonged neither to their race nor their country? On the contrary, he was sprung from a people to them banefully hostile!

It had not much to do with the man. Only that he was the representative of a principle—a cause for which most of them had fought and bled, and many intended fighting, and if need be, bleeding again. He was their chosen chief, advancing toward the van, flinging himself forward into the post of peril—for man's and liberty's sake, risking the chain and the halter. For this was he the recipient of such honors.

The carriage slowly working its way through the thick crowd, was almost lifted from its wheels. In their enthusiastic excitement those who surrounded it looked as if they would have raised it on their shoulders and carried it, horses included, up the staging of the steamer!

They did this much for Maynard. Strong bearded men threw their arms around him, kissing him as if he had been a beautiful girl, while beautiful girls clasped him by the hand, or with their kerchiefs waved him an affectionate farewell!

A colossus lifting him from his feet transported him to the deck of the steamer, amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude!

And amidst its cheers, still continued, the steamer swung out from the wharf.

"It is worth while to be true to the people," said Maynard, his breast glowing with proud triumph, as he heard his name rise above the parting hurrah.

He repeated the words as the boat passed the Battery, and he saw the German Artillery Corps—those brave scientific soldiers who have done so much for their adopted land—drawn up on the esplanade of Castle Garden.

And once again, as he listened to their farewell salvo, drowning the distant cheers sent after him across the widening water.

CHAPTER XIX.—BLANCHE AND SABINA.

ON parting from the pier most of the passengers forsook the upper deck, and went scattering to their staterooms.

A few remained lingering above; among them the gentleman to whom belonged the golden-haired girl, and the servant with skin of kindred color.

He did not stay, as one who takes a leaving look at his native land. It was evidently not his. In his own features, and those of the child held in his hand, there was an unmistakable expression of "Englishism," as seen in its nobler type.

The colored domestic, more like America, was still not of the "States." Smaller and more delicate features, with a peculiar sparkle of the eye, told of a West Indian origin—a negress for her mother, with a white man, perhaps Frenchman or Spaniard, for her father.

Any doubts about the gentlemen's nationality would have been dispelled, by listening to a brief dialogue that soon after occurred between him and a fourth personage who appeared upon the scene.

This last was a young fellow in dark coat and trousers, the coat having flap pockets outside. The style betokened him a servant—made further manifest by the black leathern cockade upon his hat.

He had just come from below. Stepping up to the gentleman, and giving the unmistakable salute, he pronounced his master's name:

"Sir George!"

"What is it, Freeman?"

"They are stowing the luggage between decks, Sir George; and want to know what pieces your excellency wishes to be kept for the staterooms. I've put aside the black bag and the yellow portmanteau, and the large one with Miss Blanche's things. The bullock trunk? Is it to go below, Sir George?"

"Why, yes—no. Stay! What a bother! I must go down myself. Sabina! keep close by the child. Here, Blanche! you can sit upon this cane seat; and Sabina will hold the umbrella over you. Don't move away from here till I come back."

Sir George's assiduous care may be understood, by saying that Blanche was his daughter—his only child.

Laying hold of the brass baluster-rail, and sliding his hand along it, he descended the stair, followed by "Freeman."

Blanche ate down as directed; the mulatto opening a light silk umbrella and holding it over her head. It was not raining; only to protect her from the sun.

Looking at Blanche, one could not wonder at Sir George being so particular. She was a thing to be shielded. Not that she appeared of delicate health, or in any way fragile. On the contrary her form showed strength and rotundity unusual for a girl of thirteen. She was but little over it.

Perhaps it was her complexion he was thinking of. It certainly appeared too precious to be exposed to the sun.

And yet the sun had somewhere played upon, without spoiling it. Rather was it improved by the slight embrowning, as the bloom enriches the skin of the apricot. He seemed to have left some of his rays amidst the tresses of her hair, causing them to shine like his own glorious beams.

She remained upon the seat where her father had left her. The position gave her a fine view of the bay and its beautiful shores, of Staten Island and its villas, picturesquely placed amidst groves of emerald green.

But she saw, without observing them. The ship, too, swept past unobserved by her, everything, even the objects immediately around her upon the deck of the steamer. Her eyes only turned toward one point—the stairway—where people were ascending, and where her father had gone down.

And looking that way, she sat silent, though not abstracted. She was apparently watching for some one to come up.

"Miss Blanche," said the mulatto, observing this, "you no need look you fader back for long time yet. Doan you 'member in dat Wes Indy steamer how much trouble dem baggages be? It take de governor great while sort 'em."

"I'm not looking for father," responded the child, still keeping her eyes sternward.

"Who den? You ben tinkin' 'bout somebody?"

"Yes, Sabby, I'm thinking of him. I want to see how he looks when near. Surely he will come up here?"

"Him! Who you 'peak' 'bout, Miss Blanche? De cap'n ob the ship?"

"Captain of the ship! Oh, no, no! That's the captain up there. Papa told me so. Who cares to look at an old fellow like that?"

While speaking, she had pointed to Skipper Shannon, seen pacing upon the "bridge."

"Den who you mean?" asked the perplexed Sabina.

"O, Sabby! sure you might know?"

"Deed Sabby doan know."

"Well, that gentleman the people cheered so. A man told papa they were all there to take leave of him. Didn't they take leave of him in an odd way? Why, the men in big beards actually kissed him. I saw them kiss him. And the young girls! you saw! what they did, Sabby? Those girls appear to be very forward."

"Dey war' nothin' but trash—dem white gals." "But the gentleman? I wonder who he is? Do you think it's a prince?"

The interrogatory was suggested by a remembrance. Only once in her life before had the child witnessed a similar scene. Looking out of a window in London, she had been spectator to the passage of a prince. She had heard the hurrahs, and seen the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Alike, though with perhaps a little less passion—less true enthusiasm. Since then living a tranquil life in one of the Lesser Antilles—of which her father was governor—she had seen little of crowds, and less of such excited assemblages as that just left behind. It was not strange she should recall the procession of the prince.

And yet how diametrically opposite were the sentiments that actuated the two scenes of which she had been spectator! So much that even the West Indian woman—the child of a slave—knew the difference.

"Prince!" responded Sabina, with a disdainful toss of the head, that proclaimed her a loyal "Badian." "Prince in dis 'Merica country! De's no sich ting. Dat fella day make so much muss 'bout, he only a 'publican."

"A publican!"

"Yes, missy. You dem hear shout, Vive de publique! Dey all 'publicans in dis Unite States."

The governor's daughter was nonplussed; she knew what publicans were. She had lived in London where there is at least one in every street—inhabiting its most conspicuous house. But a whole nation of them!

"All publicans!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "Come, Sabby, you're telling me a story?"

"Deed no, Miss Blanche. Sabby tell you de truth. True as gossips, ebbery one of dese 'Merican people are publicans."

"Who drinks it then?"

"Drink what?"

"Why, what they sell! The wine, and the beer, and the gin. In London they don't have anything else—the publicans don't."

"Oh! now I comprehend you, missy. I see you no me unerstan, chile. I no mean dat sort as well de drink. Totally different aldegidder. Dere am ree-publicans as doan believe in kings and kweens—not even in our good Victorie. Dey believe only in de common people dat's bad and wicked."

"Stuff, Sabby! I'm sure you must be mistaken. That young man isn't wicked. At least he doesn't look so; and they believe in him. You saw how they all honored him; and though it does seem bold for those girls to have kissed him, I think I would have done so myself. He looked so proud, so beautiful, so good! He's ten times prettier than the prince I saw in London. That he is!"

"Hush up, chile! Doan let your fader, de royal gov'nor, hear you talk dat way. He boun' be angry. I know he doan favor dem 'publicans, and woun like you praise 'em. He hate 'em like pisen snake."

Blanche made no rejoinder. She had not even listened to the sage caution. Her ears had become closed to the speeches of Sabina at sight of

a man, who was at that moment ascending the stair.

It was he, about whom they had been conversing.

Once upon the deck, he took his stand close to the spot where the child was seated, looking back up the bay.

As his face was slightly turned from her, she had a fair chance of scrutinizing him, without being detected.

And she made this scrutiny with the ardent curiosity of a child.

He was not alone. By his side was the man she had seen along with him in the carriage.

But she had no eyes for the middle-aged gentleman with huge grizzly mustaches. Only for him, whose hand those girls had been so eager to clasp and kiss.

And she sat scanning him, with strange, wondering eyes, as the Zenaida dove looks upon the shining constrictor. Scanning him from head to foot, heedless of the speeches of Sabina, whose West Indian experience must have made her acquainted with the fascination of the serpent.

It was but the wonder of a child for something that has crossed its track—something new and abnormal—grandier than a toy—brighter, even, than a fancy called up by the tales of Aladdin!

CHAPTER XX.—"THE WONDERING EYES."

ONCE MORE Maynard stood upon the deck of a sea-going vessel, his eyes bent upon the white seethy track lengthening out behind him.

In its sea view the Empire City is unfortunate, presenting scarce a point worthy of being remembered. There is no salient feature, like the great dome of St. Paul's in London, the Arc de Triomphe of Paris, or even the St. Charles Hotel, as you sweep round the English Turn in sight of New Orleans. In approaching New York City, your eye rests on two or three sharp spires, more befitting the architecture of a village church, and a mean-looking cupola, that may be the roof either of a circus or gas-works! The most striking object is the curious circular Castle with its garden behind it; but this requires a distant view to hide its neglected condition; and, lying low, it becomes only prominent when too near to stand scrutiny.

In the improvement of this point, New York has a splendid opportunity to redeem the shabbiness of its seaward aspect. It is still city property, I believe; and if it had *Hausseman*, instead *Hoffman*, for its mayor, the city of Manhattan would soon present to its bay a front worthy of this noble estuary.

To return from our digression upon themes civic, economic and architectural, to the Cambria steamer fast forging on toward the ocean.

The revolutionary leader had no such thoughts as he stood upon her deck, taking the last look at the city of New York. His reflections were different; one of them being, whether it was indeed to be his last?

He was leaving a land he had long lived in, and loved: its people and its institutions. He was proceeding upon an enterprise of great peril; not as the legalized soldier, who has no fear before him save death on the battle-field, or a period of imprisonment; but as a revolutionist and rebel, who, if defeated, need expect no mercy—only a halter and a tombless grave.

It was at a time, however, when the word *rebel* was synonymous with *patriot*; before it became disgraced by that great rebellion—the first in all history sinful and *without just cause*, the first that can be called inglorious.

Then the term was a title to be proud of—the thing itself a sacred duty; and inspired by these thoughts, he looked before him without fear, and behind with less regret.

It would not be true to say that he was altogether indifferent to the scenes receding from his view. Many bonds of true friendship had been broken; many hands warmly shaken, perhaps never to be grasped again!

And there was one severance, where a still tenderer tie had been torn asunder.

But the spasm had passed some time ago—more keenly felt by him on the deck of that steamer leaving the harbor of Newport.

A week had elapsed since then—a week spent amidst exciting scenes and in the companionship of kindred spirits—in the enrolling-room surrounded by courageous filibusters—in the Baisrich beer saloons with exiled republican patriots—amidst the clinking of glasses, filled out of long-necked Rhine-wine bottles, and quaffed to the songs of Schiller, and the dear German fatherland.

It was fortunate for Maynard, that this stormy life had succeeded the tranquility of the Newport Hotel. It enabled him to think less about Julia Girdwood. Still was she in his mind, as the steamer left Staten Island in her wake, and was clearing her way through the Narrows.

But before Sandy Hook was out of sight, the proud girl had gone away from his thoughts, and with the suddenness of thought itself!

This quick forgetfulness calls for explanation.

The last look at a land where a sweetheart has been left behind will not restore the sighing heart to its tranquility. It was not this that had produced such an abrupt change in the spirit of the lover.

No more was it the talk of Roseveltd, standing by his side, and pouring into his ear those revolutionary ideas, for which the count had so much suffered.

The change came from a cause altogether different, perhaps the only one capable of effecting such a transformation.

"*Un clavo saca otro clavo*," say the Spaniards, of all people the most knowing in proverbial lore. "One nail drives out another." A fair face can only be forgotten by looking upon one that is fairer.

Thus came relief to Captain Maynard. Turning to go below, he saw a face so wonderfully fair, so strange withal, that almost me-

chanically he staid his intention, and remained lingering on the deck.

In less than ten minutes after, *he was in love with a child!*

There are those who will deem this an improbability; perhaps pronounce it unnatural.

Nevertheless it was true; for we are recording an actual experience.

As Maynard faced toward the few passengers that remained upon the upper deck, most of them with eyes fixed upon the land they were leaving, he noticed one pair that were turned upon himself. At first he read in them only an expression of simple curiosity; and his own thought was the same as he returned the glance.

He saw a child with grand golden hair—challenging a second look. And this he gave, as one who regards something pretty and superior of its kind.

But passing from the hair to the eyes, he beheld in them a strange, wondering gaze, like that given by the gazelle or the fawn of the fallow deer, to the saunterer in a zoological garden, who has tempted it to the edge of its enclosure.

Had the glance been only transitory, Maynard might have passed on, though not without remembering it.

But it was not. The child continued to gaze upon him, regardless of all else around!

And so on till a man of graceful mien—gray-haired and of paternal aspect—came alongside, caught her gently by the hand, and led her away, with the intention of taking her below.

On reaching the head of the stairway she glanced back, still with that same wondering look; and again, as the bright face with its golden glories sweeping down behind it, disappeared below the level of the deck!

"What's the matter with you, Maynard?" asked the count, seeing that his comrade had become suddenly thoughtful. "By the way you stand looking after that little sprout, one might suppose her to be your own!"

"My dear count!" rejoined Maynard, in an earnest, appealing tone, "I beg you won't jest with me—at all events, don't laugh, when I tell you how near you have hit upon my wish."

"What wish?"

"That she were my own."

"As how?"

"As my wife."

"Wife! A child not fourteen years of age! *Cher capitaine!* you are turning Turk! Such ideas are not becoming to a revolutionary leader. Besides you promised to have no other sweetheart than your sword! Ha—ha—ha! How soon you've forgotten the maid of Newport!"

"I admit it. I'm glad I have been able to do so. It was altogether different. It was not true love, but only—never mind what. But now I feel—don't laugh at me, Roseveltd. I assure you I am sincere. That child has impressed me with a feeling I never had before. Her strange look has done it. I know not why or wherefore she looked so. I feel as if she had sounded the bottom of my soul! It may be fate, destiny—whatever you choose to call it—but as I live Roseveltd, I have a presentiment—she will yet be my wife!"

"If such be her and your destiny," responded Roseveltd, "don't suppose I shall do anything to obstruct its fulfillment. She appears to be the daughter of a gentleman, though I must confess I don't much like his looks. He reminds me of the class we are going to contend against. No matter for that. The girl's only an infant; and before she can be ready to marry you, all Europe may be Republican, and you a President! Now, *cher capitaine!* let us below, else the steward may have our fine Havanas stowed away under hatches; and then such weeds as we'd have to smoke during the voyage!"

From sentiment to cigars was an abrupt change.

But Maynard was no romantic dreamer; and complying with his fellow-traveler's request, he descended to the stateroom to look after the disposal of their portmanteaus.

CHAPTER XXI.—A SHORT-LIVED TRIUMPH.

WHILE the hero of C— was thus starting to seek fresh fame on a foreign shore, he came very near having his escutcheon stained, in the land he was leaving behind him!

At the time that his name was a shout of triumph in noisy New York, it was being pronounced in the quiet circles of Newport with an accent of scorn!

By many it was coupled with the word "coward."

Mr. Swinton enjoyed his day of jubilee.

It did not last long; though long enough to enable this accomplished card-player to make a coup.

From the repulse obtained by the sham challenge, aided by the alliance of Louis Lucas, he was not long in discovering some of those pigeons for whose especial plucking he had made the crossing of the Atlantic.

They were not so well feathered as he had expected to find them. Still did he obtain enough to save him from the necessity of taking to a hack, or the fair Frances to a mangle.

For the cashiered guardsman—now transformed into a swindler—it promised to be a golden time. But the promise was too bright to be of long continuance, and his transient glory soon became clouded with suspicion; while that of his late adversary was released from the stigma that for a time had attached to it.

A few days after Maynard had taken his departure from New York, it became known why he had left so abruptly. The New York newspapers contained an explanation of this. He had been elected to the leadership of what was by them termed the "German expedition;" and had responded to the call.

Honorable as this seemed to some, it did not quite justify him in the eyes of others, acquainted with his conduct in the affair with Swinton. His

insult to the Englishman had been gross in the extreme, and above all considerations he should have stayed to give him satisfaction.

But the papers now told of his being in New York. Why did Mr. Swinton not follow him there? This, of course, was but a reflection on the opposite side, and both now appeared far from spotless.

So far as regarded Maynard the spots were at length removed; and before he had passed out of sight of Sandy Hook, his reputation as a "gentleman and man of honor," was completely restored.

An explanation is required. In a few words it shall be given.

Shortly after Maynard had left, it became known in the Ocean House, that on the morning after the ball, and at an early hour, a strange gentleman arriving by the New York boat, had made his way to Maynard's room, staying with him throughout the day.

Furthermore that a letter had been sent addressed to Mr. Swinton, and delivered to his valet. The waiter to whom it had been entrusted, was the authority for these statements.

What could that letter contain?

Mr. Lucas should know, and Mr. Lucas was asked.

But he did not know. So far from being acquainted with the contents of the letter in question, he was not even aware that an epistle had been sent.

On being told of it, he felt something like a suspicion of being compromised; and at once determined on demanding from Swinton an explanation.

With this resolve he sought the Englishman in his room.

He found him there, and with some surprise discovered him in familiar discourse with his servant.

"What's this I've heard, Mr. Swinton?" he asked upon entering.

"Aw—aw; what, my dear Lucas?"

"This letter they're talking about."

"Lettaw—lettaw! I confess, supweme ignorance of what you mean, my dear Lucas."

"Oh, nonsense! Didn't you receive a letter from Maynard—the morning after the ball?"

Swinton turned white; looking in all directions except into the eyes of Lucas. He was hesitating to gain time—not with the intention of denying it. He knew that he dare not.

"Oh! yaw—yaw!" he replied at length. There was a lettaw—a very queer epistle indeed. I did not get it that day till after yaw had gone. My valet Fwank, stooped fellow! had thrown it into a cawner. I only wed it on the following mawning."

"You have it still, I suppose?"

"No, indeed. I lit my cigaw with the absawd epistle."

"But what was it about?"

"Well—well; it was a sort of apology on the part of Mr. Maynard—to say he was compelled to leave Newport by the evening bawt. It was signed by his friend Wupert Woseveltd, calling himself a Count of the Austwian Empire. After wawding it, and knowing that the witer was gone, I didn't think it wawth while to trouble you any fawther about the disawgweable business."

"By G—! Mr. Swinton, that letter's likely to get us both into a scrape!"

"But why, my dear fellow?"

"Why? Because everybody wants to know what it was about. You say you've destroyed it?"

"Tore it into taypaws, I ashaw you."

"More's the pity. It's well-known that a letter was sent and delivered to your servant. Of course every one supposes that it came to your hands. We're bound to give some explanation."

"Twue—twue. What daw you suggest, Mr. Lucas?"

"Why the best way will be to tell the truth about it. You got the letter too late to make answer to it. It's already known why, so that, so far as you are concerned, the thing can't be any worse. It let's Maynard out of the scrape—that's all."

"Yaw think we'd better make a clean bwast of it?"

"I'm sure of it. We must."

"Well, Mr. Lucas, I shall agree to anything yaw may think pwopaw. I am so much indebted to yaw."

"My dear sir," rejoined Lucas, "it's no longer a question of what's proper. It is a necessity that this communication passed between Mr. Maynard and yourself should be explained. I am free, I suppose, to give the explanation?"

"Oh, pawfectly twue. Of cawse—of cawse."

Lucas left the room, determined to clear himself from all imputation.

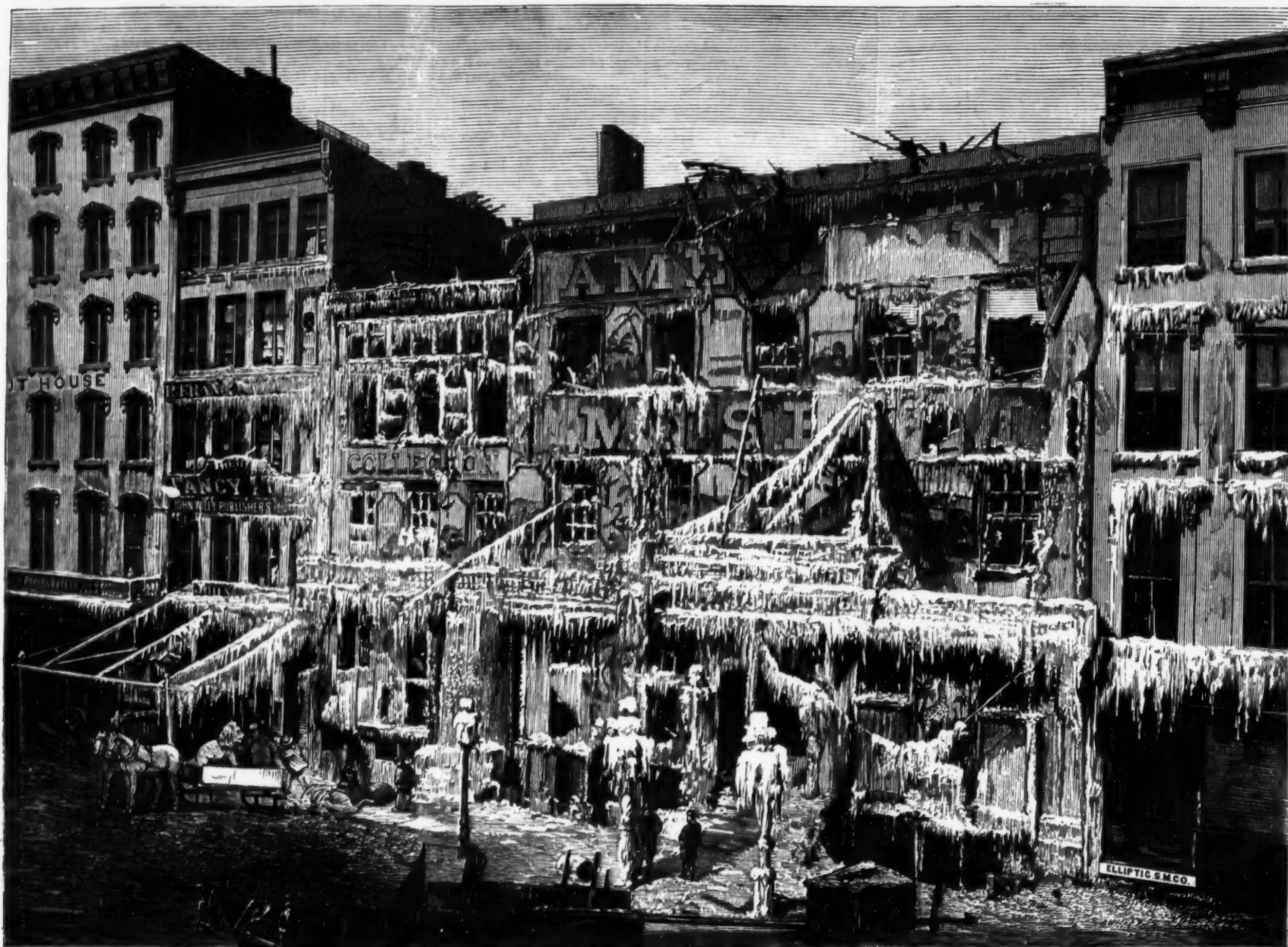
The outside world was soon after acquainted with the spirit, if not the contents of that mysterious epistle; which re-established the character of the man who wrote, while damaging that of him who had received it.

From that hour Swinton ceased to be an eagle in the estimation of the Newport society. He was not even any longer a successful hawk—the pigeons becoming shy. But his eyes were still bent upon that bird of splendid plumage—far above all others—worth the swooping of a life!

A LITTLE FOUR or five years old boy was seated at the table eating his dinner. A small cut of beef steak was given him, and taking it up in his hands, he resolutely endeavored to get a bite off the end of it. It being pretty tough, he pulled, and jerked, and grunted at the task a little more than was consistent with modern ideas of polite dining. After a few earnest struggles, he turned to his mother with a look of mingled energy and despair, and said, through his vexation and tears:

"Mamma, me's going to have a piece off this meat, or pull my mou' out!"

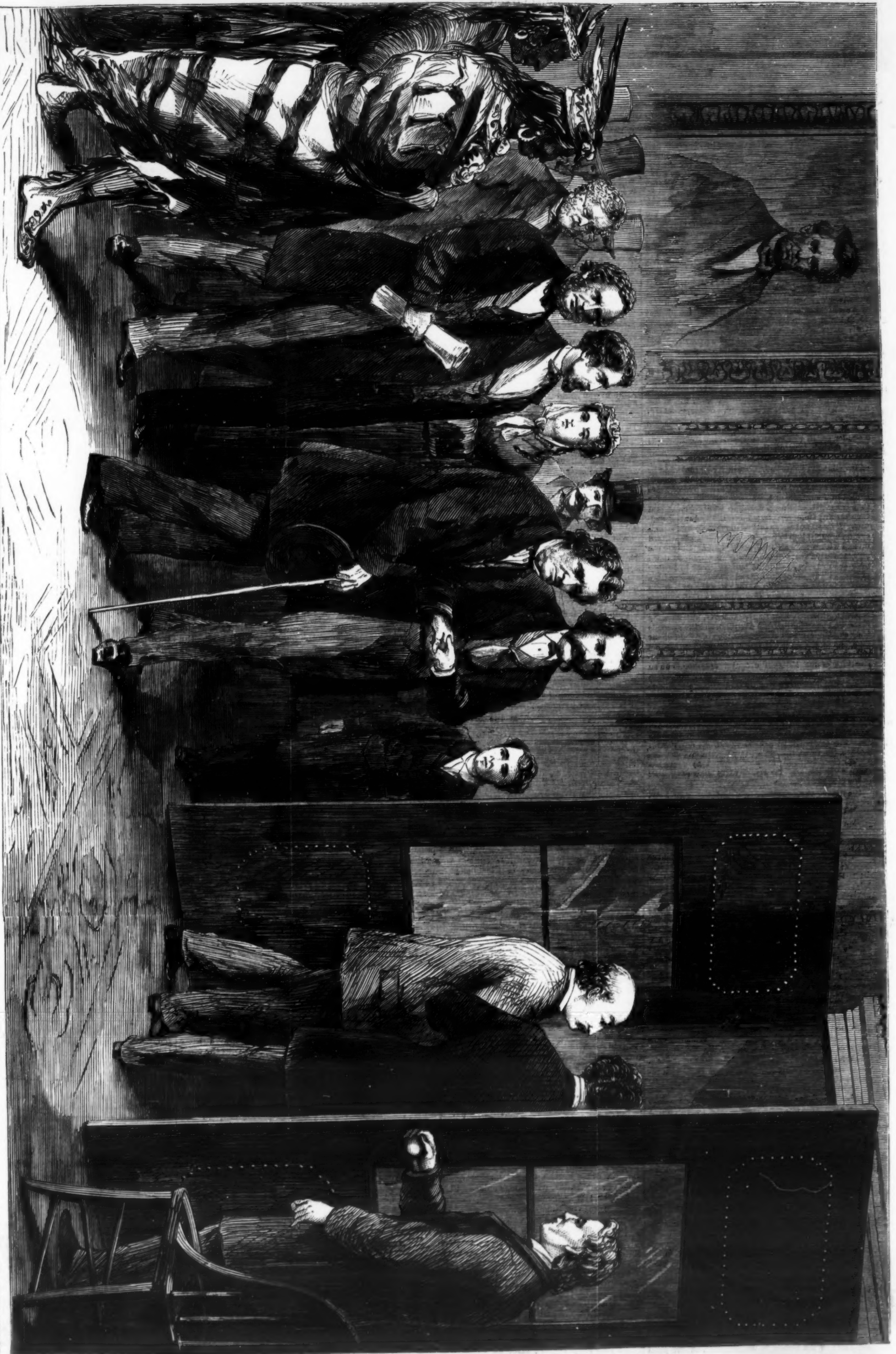
ONE of the papers observes of a member of Congress from a district of Illinois, that "he is so tall, that when he addresses the people, instead of mounting a stump, as is usual in the West, they have to dig a hole for him to stand in."



THE RUINS OF BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, AFTER THE FIRE OF 3D INST.—SINGULAR AND MAGNIFICENT EFFECTS OF THE FESTOONS OF ICE ON THE BROADWAY FRONT.—SEE PAGE 10.



THRILLING SCENE AT BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY, ON THE 3D INST.—THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER LEAPS FROM A WINDOW INTO BROADWAY, AND IS SHOT BY A POLICEMAN.



THE HOUSE COMMITTEE, ELECTED TO MANAGE THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT, ENTERING THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THE 4TH INST., TO PRESENT THE ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 10.

The Destruction by Fire of Barnum's American Museum, New York City.

SHORTLY after twelve o'clock on the morning of the 3d inst. flames were discovered issuing from the windows of the bird department, located on the third floor of F. T. Barnum's Museum Building, Nos. 539 and 541 Broadway. An alarm was promptly sounded, and in a very brief space of time several hundred persons were at the scene, and the utmost excitement prevailed. The Fire Department was rather tardy in its appearance on the premises, owing to the depth of the snow and an alarm of fire raised a short time previously, and when the steamers took up their position the discovery was made that a majority of the hydrants in the neighborhood were frozen to such an extent that they were practically useless. By the time, therefore, that the engines got in working order, the flames, aided by a high wind, and fed by the large amount of inflammable materials about the Museum, had gained such headway that it became apparent that neither the building, nor the animals and curiosities contained therein, could be saved from the ravages of the destroying element. Above the snorts of the steam-engines, the orders of the engineers, and the shouts of the spectators, rose clear and painfully, expressions of the intense agony to which the animals comprising the Menagerie were subjected. Monkeys, bears, hogs, lions, tigers, seals, and birds, united in a manner peculiar to their natures in swelling the volume of a death-song which occasioned responses of pity from those without the burning mass. The grand *salon* of the Prince of Humburg, and all the commodities of mystery, surprise, and pleasure which had so successfully tickled the fancies of our fathers, ourselves, our children, and all our country cousins, was certainly an object of too great a degree of interest to forbid a general expression of regret and sorrow from those who witnessed its rapid destruction. A very small proportion of the curiosities were saved, and many of the most interesting and expensive animals, together with the entire collection of birds, perished in the flames. Through the incessant exertions of the policemen and citizens, a passageway was effected through the Mercer street entrance to the Menagerie building, when a series of ludicrous scenes, tinged not a little with the exciting element, were presented. When the fire had burned for more than an hour, and the entire interior of the Museum was a mass of flames, a sudden cry of wonder was raised at the appearance at one of the windows on Broadway of some animal too severely burned to be recognized. With a brief survey of the situation beneath, the beast, which proved to be one of the Bengal tigers, gave a tremendous bound; the crowd separated frantically as the tortured creature landed in the middle of the street. For an instant the monster stood panting and gazing wildly around, and then turning suddenly, started on a canter down Broadway. A stream of water turned on him from a steam-engine brought him to bay, when a policeman stepped up and with several shots dispatched him. During the efforts to save the animals, the giraffe tumbled down near the doorway, and put a sudden check to further egress. A number of smaller animals were passed from hand to hand, and finally a rope was attached to the giraffe's neck and he was slowly raised up. The huge creature, panting and gasping, refused to move, and the flames had burst through the partition, and the animal's body commenced to burn. More men laid hold of the rope, and after a severe struggle succeeded in hauling the beast into the street. Several of the human monstrosities of the Museum occupied apartments on an upper floor of the building, and a posse of policemen forced open the doors and rushed into the rooms to save the inmates from destruction. The Circassian girl, whose lustrous eyes and beautiful hair have made her one of the Museum favorites, was carried from the room by a stalwart gentleman, and was immediately followed by a procession of four bearing upon their shoulders the fat boy, Miss Swann, the giantess, Mrs. Powers, the fat woman, the hairy little Esau, and the Albino children, were likewise rescued by a sympathetic company, and the entire party were conducted to the parlors of the Anson House.

The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue, on the third floor.

Mr. Barnum, who is the principal stockholder in the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Company, estimates the loss on the contents of the buildings at \$400,000, on which there is an insurance of \$110,000. The buildings are totally destroyed, and are insured for but \$62,000.

The loss on the collection of live animals can scarcely be estimated. It is stated that the company had been offered \$150,000 for the menagerie.

The wardrobe belonging to the Museum, which was almost new, and collected since the destruction of the old building, was entirely destroyed. The wardrobe was valued at \$25,000. The ladies and gentlemen comprising the company at the Museum all sustain losses by the destruction of portions of their wardrobes and dresses.

Mrs. G. C. Howard, who was playing a very successful engagement as *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sustained a loss of over \$1,000.

The scenery, properties, etc., for the new spectacular drama called "Alaska; or the Land of the Lady Bird," which was to have been produced shortly, were in the theatre, and were all destroyed. Their value was estimated at \$10,000.

Several parties occupying the basement of the Museum, and apartments in the adjacent buildings, received quite heavy damages. By the conflagration one hundred and thirty-five persons are thrown out of employment, and preliminary steps have been taken to get up a dramatic entertainment for their benefit, which will probably take place at an early day.

The Ruins of Barnum's American Museum, New York City—Singular and Beautiful Effects of the Festoons of Ice on the Broadway Front.

We describe elsewhere the destruction of Barnum's American Museum by fire on the 3d inst. However, we cannot dismiss the subject without allusion to the curious and beautiful appearance of the ruins fronting on Broadway. On the morning of the 3d inst. it was bitterly cold, and the water from the engines froze almost in mid-air, and wherever it struck congealed in fantastic shapes, producing upon the walls, the cornices and lamp-posts magnificent effects, resembling huge and glittering stalactites and festoons of frosted silver. The spectacle, as strange as it was magnificent, attracted thousands to the scene, who gazed with delight and admiration upon this grand and fairy-like "transformation scene," the last and the finest ever exhibited to the public in connection with the great showman's establishment.

The House Committee Elected to Manage the Impeachment of President Johnson, Entering the Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., on the 4th inst., to Present the Articles of Impeachment.

CONSPICUOUS in the great historical scene that is now being enacted at the national capital stand the Committee elected to manage the impeachment of the President of the Republic. They have a mission to fulfill that has no precedent in the annals of the nation. The importance of the task committed to their charge invests them with attributes of interest beyond that which attaches to them as individuals, although they have all achieved distinction in their political careers. We illustrate in our engraving their entrance into the Senate Chamber, on the 4th inst., to present the articles of impeachment drawn up by them against the President. The following gentlemen were elected by the House to constitute the Committee: Thaddeus Stevens, of Penn.; Benj. F. Butler, of Mass.; John A. Bingham, of Ohio; James F. Wilson, of Iowa; Thomas Williams, of Penn.; and J. A. Logan, of Illinois. They are represented in our engraving proceeding upon their solemn duty, followed by the Republican members of the House and surrounded by spectators gazing with subdued excitement upon the impressive scene.

THE RANK AND FILE.

And there are some who have forgot
The humble heroes of the war,
The bearers of full many a scar,
Proud proof of hearts which wavered not.
An hundred fields can witness how
Hands nerve to do, hearts throbbed to dare;
But many scarce remember now
That these were there!

Yes, they were there—for honor there—
For liberty—that sacred name
Woke in each heart a filial flame,
Alike in glory and despair.
Their country called—they stood to shield;
She bled their blood flow free as air;
In dark defeat, or well-won field,
Still they were there.

Yet all the valiant could not fall,
And sheltered now will they remain
Till war's alarms sound again,
And find them few, but fearless all:
Proud remnant of that host who came
The Union's glory to declare—
To add new lustre to their fame,
They will be there!

Now they resign those blades that blazed
Such lightning on the vaulting foe—
They lay their battle-banners low—
Those meteors on which nations gazed.
But if again Our Country's weal
Should summon them, the world shall hear
Their shout above the bugles' peal,
"Behold us here!"

EXPLORATIONS IN PERU.

AMONG the organizations in New York for social, scientific, and other purposes, none stand higher or have proved more pleasant and useful than the "Travelers' Club," which is the favorite resort of travelers, explorers, *savans*, artists and others of congenial tastes. One of the most attractive features of the club are its *conversaciones* or receptions, to which both ladies and gentlemen, who may sympathize with the objects of the club, are invited. On these occasions lectures are generally given by distinguished travelers and explorers, some of which have been of the deepest interest. Not least interesting of these was that of Hon. E. G. Squier, formerly Commissioner of the United States in Peru, delivered on the evening of the 26th of February. Mr. Squier traveled extensively in Peru, and made very full and careful examinations of the ancient monuments of the country, and of the remains of Inca civilization. We present a summary of Mr. Squier's observations.

No two regions on earth could offer greater contrasts than Peru and Brazil—whether in the aspects of nature which they presented, in their climate, or in their productions. One was mainly a vast, hot, low, monotonous, alluvial region, traversed in every direction by great rivers thronged with nameless varieties of fishes, and lined with gigantic forests blushing with flowers, fragrant with gums, and filled with birds and wild animals, among which a few thousand savages maintain a precarious existence against rank and riant nature. The other was a region less vast in area, but infinitely more diversified, and invested with a thousand historical associations. Its Pacific coast is a long, rainless desert, intersected, at intervals, by the narrow green valleys of torrents fed by the melting snows of the gigantic Cordillera that rises in solemn grandeur a few leagues back from the rocky shore. Its interior is a broad plateau or table-land, elevated from 11,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, and which may justly be called the Thibet of America. It is bounded on one hand by the great unbroken mountain billow of the Cordillera, and on the other by the loftier, but less continuous chain of the Andes, whose icy summits, like close-set silver lances, glitter along the eastern horizon. Here are the frosty, arid, uninhabitable *Despoblados*, and the scarcely less extensive *Punas*, on whose hardy grasses the llama and alpaca find scanty subsistence. Here, too, are the mountain-encircled *bolsones*, or vales, in which we find the climate and products of the temperate zone, where the Incas developed their wonderful civilization, and also the deep, narrow, tropical valleys in which the thousand affluents of the Amazon gather their waters, before they break away, with many a plunge and noisy cataract, through the dark gorges of the Andes, down into the plains of Brazil.

In this lofty region, also, we find the famous lake of Titicaca, to whose rocky islands the Incas

traced their origin, which is nearly as large as Lake Ontario, its surface lying almost level with the summit of Mount Blanc, and which is the centre of the most remarkable terrestrial basin of America, if not of the world—a great basin, 700 miles long by 300 broad, with lakes and navigable rivers of its own, but with no visible outlet to the sea.

There is still another considerable portion of Peru, highly interesting but little known, lying on the eastern declivity of the Andes, and distinguished from the *Costa* and the *Sierra* by the name of the *Montaña*. It has every gradation of climate and every variety of productions, and among its solitudes is found the *chincón* or quinine bark, almost the only specific in the *Materia Medica*.

It will readily be understood, how these contrasted zones, differing so widely in physical conditions, would react on the vegetable and animal world, and on man himself, and how they would affect his habits and modes of life, mould his architecture, and influence his ideas and forms of religion and government. That they did so, in the early formative period of society in Peru, is abundantly evidenced by what we know of the ancient inhabitants through their traditions and monuments and the testimony of the early chroniclers.

The people of the coast lived in a mild climate, where only the slightest clothing was needed, and where, as it never rains, dwellings were only required to protect them from the fervid rays of the sun by day and the dews at night. So they cultivated cotton, and dressed themselves in cloth deftly woven from its fibre. A flat roof of canes and matting, covered perhaps with indurated mud, was all their houses required. Their narrow valleys afforded scant food for their dense populations, so they could not have fed domestic animals, even if nature had supplied them; and they built their villages on hill-sides, where all their wonderful skill in irrigation could not reach, and buried their dead in desert wastes or in caves among the mountains, so that not a foot of arable land should be lost to cultivation. The great sea breaking in thunder at their feet inspired them with reverence and awe, and led them to personify its irresistible power, and as it contributed largely to their sustenance, to give to the divinity of ocean a first place in their rude Pantheon. And, isolated from each other by wide and impassable deserts, it is easy to conceive how they were forced into independent organizations, in which the power was too nearly patriarchal to be cruel or ambitious, but which left the communities themselves an easy prey to exterior force.

In the *Sierra*, on the other hand, where the climate is often severe, where the rains fall during part of the year, where the llama is equally a beast of burden and of food, supplying, with its congeners, the alpaca and vicuña, the heavy fleeces of wool that, woven into cloth, protect the inhabitants against the mountain cold, where the hardest plants can only be cultivated with the greatest care, we can comprehend that the architecture, agriculture, manufactures, and habits of life of the people would be widely different from those of the dwellers of the coast, even if we were to assume them to be of the same blood and lineage. The sun, to them, was the visible source of light and heat, the supporter of life and all that makes it endurable, and it became therefore the symbol of Deity, worthy of their richest offerings, and to which they raised their grandest temples.

Reasoning in the same direction, the lecturer proceeded to show how it was that the Inca empire became possible, and how it was built up, assigning to the topographic and other features of the country a predominating influence on the result. That empire, he said, under the reign of Huayna-Capac, who ruled at the period of the Discovery, extended from the equator to the 37th degree of south latitude, a distance of little less than 3,000 miles, while it spread from the Pacific to the valleys of the Amazon, over an area of up to 1,000,000 square miles, equal to that of the United States to the eastward of the Mississippi. It had a population of at least 10,000,000, made up, however, of dwellers in coast valleys, the gorges of the Andes, and the *bolsones* of the interior. It was in one of the latter, hemmed in by mountains, and elevated 11,000 feet above the sea, that the Incas established Cuzco, their capital—in a vale not larger than Staten Island. From this, partly by force, sometimes by alliance, and sometimes by fraud, they extended their dominion over the adjacent *bolsones*, and valleys perfecting themselves in policy and statesmanship as they enlarged their territory and augmented their power, until, at last, they descended, with the force of their glaciers, from their lofty mountain fastnesses, into the isolated valleys, which, radiating from them to the coast, like the fingers of an outspread hand, had no common interests, offered no means of common defense, and were therefore obliged to submit, one after another, to the Inca rule. Many of these isolated communities, by perfectly independent paths, had reached a degree of civilization scarcely inferior to that of the Incas themselves, and, as at Grand Chimú, near which Pizarro founded the city of Trujillo, have left us monuments as extensive and interesting as are to be found anywhere among the aboriginal remains of the continent.

The lecturer gave other illustrations, not perhaps as novel, but quite as striking, of the important influences that geographical and topographical conditions have exercised on the rise and destiny of nations. It was in New Mexico, on the *plateaus* of Anahuac, of Guatemala, and New Granada, where climate resulting from elevation kept savage and encroaching nature in a certain degree of subjection, and enabled man, with few rude artificial aids, to contend successfully with her, that we found the seats and centres of civilization in America. And while he admitted all that the eminent lecturer who had preceded him had said as to the richness and exhaustless capacities of production of the Amazonian val-

leys, he was convinced that man would never enter into an unequal contest with Nature, in her stronghold, until driven to the assault by the pressure of a redundant population in regions favorable to human life and exertion. Quinine and the Collins axe were potential auxiliaries to enterprise, but, as men were constituted, few would be inclined to swallow the first or wield the second, except under the most powerful impulses of necessity.

The desert character of the coast of Peru was easily accounted for, and although at first thought we might be disposed to question the wisdom of nature in leaving waste so great a portion of her heritage, yet even here we would find those compensations which keep up throughout, the equilibrium of the universe. The trade winds sweeping over the tropical portion of the Atlantic become saturated with moisture; a portion of this is precipitated over the Brazilian forests; but the clouds are almost wrung dry by the frosty fingers of the Andes, and become entirely deprived of their moisture before they pass the Sierra. As a consequence, the deposits of the countless seas and myriads of water-fowl that throng the western coast, feeding upon the millions of fishes thaticken its waters, are accumulated on its islands and headlands in vast beds of *guano*, that precious fertilizer, which, spread over distant and exhausted lands, renews their life and restores their harvests. If rain fell here, the sea would be the recipient of this great source of agricultural recuperation and wealth, and the world at large would lose more than it could gain by the conversion of the whole coast of Peru into a blooming garden. Water is alone necessary to make these Peruvian deserts fertile; and when, under peculiar meteorological conditions, rains have fallen in some of their parts, the sandy wastes have sprung into life, robed in verdure and gay with flowers.

In the valleys of the coast, where irrigation is possible, there is scarcely a product of the tropic or the temperate zone that does not find a congenial soil. The peach grows by the side of the orange, and the plantain tree fringes vineyards russet and purple with bursting clusters of grapes, to which those, whether of France or Italy, or of Spain itself, can hold no comparison.

But among the altitudes of the Sierra, and on the broad, sullen *Punas*, penurious nature is niggard in the extreme. There are no trees; not a bush; only a low, resinous shrub called *tola*, and clusters of a stiff, needle-like mountain grass called *ichu*. On the latter, and on the moss and lichens that lend a shade of green to the spots where the half-frozen water oozes from the ground, feed the llamas, huanacas, alpacas, and vicuñas, the dwarf congeners of the camel and dromedary in America. These are almost the sole inhabitants of these lofty regions. Besides them we find only the *biscacha*, which may be described as a rabbit, with the tail of a squirrel, and the *chinchilla*, so highly prized for its delicate fur. A few hawks, and an occasional condor sailing majestically high in the rarified air, are about the only birds that meet the eye of the traveler. If the llama family represents the camel in America, only on a smaller scale, nature has made compensation in the size of the condor, which greatly exceeds that of its Alpine counterpart, the *lammergeier*. He makes his home in the dreary fastnesses of the Andes, but often descends on foraging expeditions to the coast. "I have seen hundreds," said the lecturer, "around the ruins of the old temple of Pachacamac, twenty miles south of Lima, where they had gathered to feed on the carcasses of whales that had drifted to land from the in-shore whaling grounds, and where they circled about my head in unpleasant, if not dangerous proximity."

In many respects the most interesting portion of Peru is the great terrestrial basin of Titicaca, already briefly alluded to. The lake from which it takes its name is upward of a hundred miles long by more than forty broad, and its surface is 12,864 feet above the sea. That is to say at an elevation almost equal to that of the summit of Mount Blanc, and twice as great as that of Mount Washington. A large river, El Desaguadero, flows from this lake, and after a course of 170 miles, in which it falls about 500 feet, empties into another lake called Aullagas, of which we know next to nothing beyond that it has no visible outlet. It is supposed by some that its redundant waters find a subterranean channel under the Cordillera to the Pacific; others suggest that these escape by evaporation, an hypothesis, however, in the opinion of the lecturer, quite untenable. At any rate, Lake Aullagas presents one of the most interesting geographical problems of the day, and real distinction awaits the explorer who may make known its mysteries.

As no timber or trees of any kind are to be found in the Titicaca basin, except a stunted variety of wild olive, the bridges across the Desaguadero and other unfordable streams are made of *tolora* or reeds, which are bound together in great sheaves, and these in turn are lashed side by side, forming great floats extending from shore to shore, over which men and animals may pass in safety. On Lake Titicaca the only substitute for boats are floats called *balsas*, made in like manner by lashing together bundles of reeds. Some of these are not unshapely, and very buoyant, but they do not form a very assuring craft for foreigners, especially on a lake exposed to sudden storms. In other parts of the Sierra the old Inca bridges are still kept up across the deep gorges of the rivers. They consist of several great cables of *mimbres* or withes twisted and braided together, and swung across from one natural or artificial abutment to another, to which they are firmly fastened. Sticks are laid across these transversely, forming the floor of the bridge, in which we see the rude type of the wonderful suspension bridges of modern times. Some of them are of great size; that over the Rio Apurimac being 240 feet long and elevated 100 feet above the water. It requires a cool head and

steady nerves to cross these bridges, which sag greatly in the middle, and swing dangerously with every breath of wind.

The water of Lake Titicaca is from ten to twelve degrees warmer than the atmosphere, and the lake consequently exercises a beneficent influence on the climate and productions of its shores and islands. On these barley and a dwarf kind of maize will ripen, which they will not in other parts of the Titicaca basin, where the people live on a small, bitter kind of potato, and a kind of grain called *quinua*, some varieties of which grow at a height of 15,000 feet. The western borders of the lake are comparatively shallow, and are grown up with reeds, sheltering numberless waterfowl, and with a kind of weed, on which cattle feed during the dry or winter season, when the pastures are sere. They first eat away the weed in the shallows, and as it disappears, push into the lake until only their heads and the line of their backs appear above the surface. According to the theories of some philosophers, they ought in time to become hippopotami.

There are several varieties of fishes in the lake, notwithstanding it was thought by Humboldt and others that water at this elevation was not sufficiently aerated to support even so low a form of life as that of fishes.

The scenery around the lake is grand in the extreme. Its islands and promontories are bold and high, and the Andes, on its eastern shore, assume their most majestic proportions. Towering above the lake, in which is for ever reflected its snowy bulk, is the Mountain Colosus of America, the lofty and massive Illampu or Sorata, second, it second at all, only to the monarchs of the Himalayas. Its altitude has not been very accurately determined, but is something over 26,000 feet, nearly twice that of the Alps. Stretching from it, north and south, for hundreds of miles, is a vast snowy chain, with numberless lofty peaks, which constitute, *par excellence*, the Nevados or Andes of Peru and Bolivia.

Cold, arid, and in many of aspects harsh and repulsive, it seems strange that this isolated, mountain-framed basin, should be selected as the abiding-place of any people, however rude, and stranger still, that it should become the seat and centre, not to say birthplace, of any form of civilization. Yet near the southern extremity of the lake, we find some of the finest and most imposing monuments of antiquity in America, known as the ruins of Tiahuanaco. Their origin is lost even to tradition. The early Spaniards were told that they existed before the sun shone, that they were built by giants in a single night, and that they were the remains of an impious people whom an avenging Deity had converted into stone. They consist of vast squares defined by massive stones, marking the sites of buildings, and great mounds of earth, faced with blocks of stone, all beautifully wrought and accurately fitted together. Among the stones were some thirty six feet long by eighteen feet broad and six feet thick. There were also great monolithic doorways cut from a single stone, and elaborately sculptured with symbolical and other figures.

It was in one of the islands of Lake Titicaca, that of Titicaca itself, that tradition fixes the origin of the first Inca, Manco Capac, and his sister and wife, Mama Oella, whence, under the behest of their father, the Sun, they went forth on their beneficent mission of teaching religion and arts, and organizing government. Mr. Squier pointed out a painting of the rock whence tradition affirms the first Inca sprang, and which was anciently covered with plates of gold, and regarded as the most sacred object in Peru, to which solemn pilgrimages were made and vast treasures offered. He also exhibited plans and paintings of the Palace of the Inca on the island of Titicaca, and of that of the Virgins of the Sun on the neighboring island of Coati, as well as of the numerous other striking and interesting monuments. Among these were examples of some primitive sun circles, absolutely coinciding with those called Druidical in Northern Europe, and also sepulchral monuments undistinguishable from the *cromlechs* of Scandinavia, and which are regarded as the very earliest of human structures, thus indicating a state of society here at one time coinciding with that of what in Europe is called "pre-historic." In some respects the most remarkable structures in the Titicaca region, of which the lecturer presented drawings, were the *chulpas* or burial towers, of which he said thousands, of more or less elaborate workmanship, were to be found around the lake. They are from forty to fifty feet high, both round and square, with inner chambers, containing niches in which the dead were placed. Some are of admirable proportions, terminating in cornices and domes, and composed of great blocks of stone elaborately cut and exquisitely fitted together.

The lecturer next gave a rapid description of Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, and the Rome of the New World, where the Inca, in his triple character of prophet, priest, and king, ruled over an empire vaster than that of Adrian, and grander than that of Charlemagne. Of this city, ancient and modern, he exhibited a map from his own surveys, with plans and views of the remains of the famous temple of the Sun, the site of which is now occupied by the Convent of Santo Domingo. Also views and a plan of the great fortress of Sacasalluaman, dominating the city of Cuzco, the vastest work of the kind on either continent, and which the Spanish conquerors pronounced to be the tenth great wonder of the world. It is of the style called Cyclopean, built of masses of limestone, some of them estimated to weigh 100 tons, and all fitted together as closely as the finest masonry. The defenses consisted of three concentric walls, with salient and retiring angles, parapets and covered gateways, and dominating interior towers, showing great advancement and skill in the art of defense, as well as enormous power.

The lecturer gave some account of the works of public utility erected by the Incas, their great

aqueducts for irrigation, their reservoirs, their roads, extending to every quarter of their empire, their *tambos*, or caravansaries for travelers, granaries, and their wonderful system of terracing, by which they more than doubled the natural area of cultivation. Materially, and in every other respect, he regarded the condition of Peru, generally, to be far below what was under despotic but paternal and beneficent rule of the Incas.

Returning to the coast, Mr. Squier presented a hurried outline of its monuments, together with numerous elaborate illustrations. These monuments differ in style as well as materials from those of the interior, although there are some specimens of Inca architecture among them, introduced after the conquest of the coast by the mountaineers. Among the most important of these coast remains are the ruins of the town and temple of Pachacamac, the shrine of the Invisible and Indivisible God, whose name signified "soul of the earth," and whose worship was so widely diffused, and so deeply implanted among the people, that the politic Incas did not undertake to subvert it, but built a temple of the Sun and convent of the Vestals in its neighborhood, in the vain hope of undermining the faith they did not dare to assail. A great part of the old town is buried under the sands of the encroaching desert that surrounds it on three sides, among which portions of the vast sweep of its outer walls are still visible. It was regarded as of such sanctity that pilgrims to it were never interrupted, even when passing through hostile tribes in time of open war.

But far more extensive than the ruins of Pachacamac, and illustrating to a greater extent the power and advancement of the coast tribes or families, are the remains of Mansicor, or Grand Chimú, in the north of Peru. They cover an area of nearly twenty square miles. Among them are several vast huacas or mounds of sun-dried bricks containing inner chambers, in which the early Spaniards found immense treasures. From one, called the huaca of Toledo, a man of that name, in 1577, took \$4,450,000 in value, of gold and silver, as appears from the official records now existing in the cabildo of the city of Truxillo. Treasure-seeking among the ruins is still a leading branch of industry among the people of Truxillo, who have spent time and money enough in this business to have built a railway to Cajamarca and the Amazon. They have greatly aided time and the elements in ruining the ruins, but enough of these remain to attest the power of the princes of Chimú, whom the Incas were unable to subdue until after long and bloody wars. They show that the city was divided up by immense walls, from forty to sixty feet high, and from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, into what may be called wards, which, in turn, were subdivided into districts each of which seems to have been assigned to a particular class of the population, or a class devoted to a particular pursuit. These districts seem to have had a special organization, and to have been stratified, so to speak, socially and otherwise, the principal inhabitants or officers occupying the larger and best situated buildings. Each one of these subdivisions had a reservoir of water in the centre of a square surrounded by small buildings evidently designed for shops or market stalls, of uniform size and shape. There were divisions assigned to smelters and workers in metal, in which the furnaces are still distinct on one side, and the dwellings of the workmen on the other. The prisons, with their solitary cells, and precautions for preventing the escape of convicts, are still distinct, together with the elaborate tombs in which the dead princes were placed. The remains of aqueducts, reservoirs of water, granaries and gardens, are visible on every hand, so that the careful traveler can learn almost as much from them and the instruments and numerous works of art found here, about their builders, as if these had left their own written history.

Near these ruins is one of the largest of the pyramids of the New World, built of adobes, surpassing that of Cholula in size, and larger than any in Egypt except the great pyramid of Cheops.

In conclusion, Mr. Squier made some brief references to the actual condition of Peru, and the origin and state of its quarrel with Spain. He showed that from a variety of causes the white population of the country is diminishing relatively if not absolutely, and that there is good reason for believing that the day is not far distant when the Indians of the interior will assert and maintain their independence, and, in some form restore, as they several times have very nearly succeeded in doing, the empire of the Incas, under one of the descendants of those wise and powerful sovereigns. Such a result would not, he thought, be a misfortune either to Peru or the world.

A Day at Mount Vesuvius.

"PAULO reports to-day, my dear, that there are many signs of an eruption; and should this event really take place, it will afford a spectacle I would not wish you to miss. Besides, the weather is unusually charming, even for Italy, and I think a ride will prove beneficial."

I said this to my darling invalid wife, whom I had brought to this region of perpetual summer, hoping thereby that her rapidly failing health might be reclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, "I should like exceedingly to witness the grand sight; and I feel so much better this morning that I will accompany you with pleasure."

We were occupying apartments in a little villa, situated in a most beautiful valley, seven miles from Mount Vesuvius, and having made known our wants to the host, he soon had in readiness the necessary conveyance—in the meantime his wife preparing for us a lunch of fruits, wine and cake.

Our ride was truly refreshing. The balmy

atmosphere, so common to this climate and season, did more good to Emily than could have been produced by any of the drugs in the entire *materia medica*; and her spirits—always naturally joyous—were enlivened by the bright Italian scenery. The distance from our abode to the mountain was made in about an hour and a half. Shortly before reaching the summit, we heard the rumbling sound, resembling a muttering of thunder, beneath the surface of the earth, which the residents recognized as a very sure premonition of an eruption of more than ordinary grandeur.

As we started at half after six, it was now about eight o'clock, and we were rejoined by two gentlemen, who had been staying at our villa for several days, and who had come to the mountain an hour or two in advance. They had been up to the mouth of the crater, and were very enthusiastic in their assurances that we were to witness a spectacle of more than usual brilliancy. And this was true enough; their predictions were soon fully verified. Our guide pointed out to us the courses the lava had taken on former occasions, and suggesting the propriety of selecting prominences where we would be out of danger. It would be difficult to describe the sensations we experienced whilst listening to this muttering of subterranean thunder, and waiting impatiently and wonderingly for the volcanic upheaval and overflow. Emily was all excitement. The glow upon her cheek reminded me, in a sad, pleasant sort of way, of her radiant beauty in days now long ago.

"Oh, see! see!" she said, as a puff of dark smoke shot from the opening.

We all directed our gaze to the point indicated, and saw an immense column of smoke rising from the crater, which was followed by a flame, darting, probably, a hundred feet into the air. Then came a sudden increase of the rumbling, which shook the earth beneath our feet. This was about half after ten o'clock, and it continued for nearly an hour, when it gradually began to diminish, and the muttering, too, became more subdued, until it finally died away.

Silence now reigned until the sun had nearly set, and we began to think of returning to the villa. But a scene of still greater splendor was in reserve. Shortly after five o'clock the internal commotion was recommenced. This became louder and louder, until what had hitherto been a source of amusement, now attained a degree that was alarming. There was an alternate emission of smoke and flame, which momentarily became more fearful. At sunset, a scene was presented which it would be difficult to describe. Immense masses of globular-shaped lava were shot up to an altitude of several hundred feet, one of which, the largest, was seen to fall, like a mighty rock, and roll down the sides of the conical mountain. Streams of red-hot lava were flowing over the crater, and bathing the whole of the upper part of the mountain, while fiery lava, ashes and sand were sent into the air with an immense force, irradiating the sky far and near. At intervals, varying from ten minutes to half an hour, there were loud cannonings, as of artillery, which were heard as far as Naples.

What struck me as most curious about the phenomenon, was the different appearance it presented to-day from that presented at my preceding visit. The last time I was there—three days ago—the top of the mountain was covered with a mantle of snow, which was striped at intervals with broad paths of lava. This, with the clear, cerulean tint of the heavens beyond, presented to me (in gigantic proportions, it is true) the colors which have become so dear to every American, who holds in precious esteem our glorious Union. Yes! there, in the snow, in red-hot lava, and in the translucent ether of the heavens, I beheld the "Red, White and Blue," arranged in a manner that would have delighted the gods!

A huge black cloud now enveloped the mountain, and darkness coming on, we again thought of returning to our abode. It was dark, remember, and we had seven miles to ride over a road that would suffer somewhat by a comparison with "The Drive" in our Central Park, and yet Emily was bewitched and fascinated, and could not be induced to leave the spot where she had become spell-bound.

"What," she said, "oh! what can be transpiring under that mysterious veil? Do let us stay half an hour longer!"

I reminded her of her delicate health, and told her that the benefit she had derived from her morning ride would be terribly counteracted by this exposure to the night air. She insisted that she felt perfectly well, and said that if there was no reappearance of the flame in fifteen minutes, she would return. Taking out her watch in a provoking manner—a way wives have sometimes—she held it to the lantern, and said:

"Why, it is only twenty minutes after eight!"

In a short time a strong north wind arose, driving away the cloud, and revealing Vesuvius in all of its magnificence, and as we soon found out, in all of its terror.

A sudden and more extensive burst of combined flame and smoke now shot from the mouth of the crater, and though we were at least half a mile removed from the point from which the column was emitted, the heat it evolved was sensibly felt. This was followed by a shock of earthquake that would have frightened our party had we not been so intently absorbed in the majestic grandeur of the scene. Succeeding this terrific detonation, there came a deeper and more continuous rumble, as if the earth were growing forth its vengeance against the rest of the universe.

The noise soon became more alarming, and the clouds reflected a bright copper-color suffused with fire. The flame again burst forth through the mass of thick black smoke; the roll of thunder became more awful and deafening; electric flashes quickly succeeded, attended with loud claps; and, now, indeed, confusion began in earnest. Those only who have witnessed such a sight can form any idea of the magnificence and variety of the lightning and electric flashes. Some forked zigzaggedly, playing across the perpendicular column of the smoke, coming from the crater's mouth, like rockets of the most dazzling brilliancy; others, like shells, with their trailing fuses lying in different parabolas, with the most vivid scintillations from the dark, sanguine column, which now seemed immovable and inflexible by the wind. Enormous masses of solid

lava were launched to a fearful height, falling and rolling down in every direction, and thus would have rendered a further ascent of the mountain impossible. The sensations of the earth beneath our feet was to be compared to those felt on board a vessel when rocked at sea. When the column of smoke was inclined toward us, we were sprinkled with ashes, sand, and favilla. Gradually there came a cessation of the undulating motion, and the rumbling noise, too, became less and less distinct, until an awful silence reigned. Darkness now wrapped the mountain in its sable mantle, and a chaotic gloom enveloped the space which but a short time before had been alive with fire, smoke, and lava. An impenetrable haze hung over the sea with black, sluggish clouds of a sulphurous cast. For miles in the direction in which the wind had blown, the country was covered with favilla, cinders, scoria, and broken masses of volcanic matter.

Our host pronounced this the grandest eruption of Mount Vesuvius that has occurred within his memory. Memorable certainly the day will be in my mind, and the impression made upon Emily is one that she will long retain.

The New Post Office—Views of the Magnificent Building to be Erected.

If the people of New York city have reason to be ashamed of the ancient and patched-up building that for years has been used as the Post Office of the great metropolis, they will have cause to be proud of the magnificent edifice that has been designed as a substitute for the specimen of primitive Dutch architecture on Nassau street.

The Commissioners appointed by Congress to determine upon a plan for the new edifice to be erected at the conical end of City Hall Park for the accommodation of the departments of the Post Office and the United States Courts in this city, have completed their investigations, and have adopted a design, of which we publish two fine and accurate views. As will be seen at a glance, the structure will be one of the most ornate and attractive description. It will be constructed of granite, white marble, and wrought and cast iron, after the renaissance style of architecture. As the building will form an irregular quadrangle, the three longer sides will be uniform in design and ornamentation, and each will have a frontage of three stories in height, surmounted by a Mansard roof, beautified at each angle with handsome pavilions. At the extreme southern end will be a grand pavilion carried up to the fourth story, ornamented by Corinthian pilasters and arched fenestration, and crowned by a full entablature, supporting a domical quadrangular roof, forming a fifth story. In each face of the dome thus formed will be placed a large and elaborately enriched dormer window, and the crests of the roof and dome will be surmounted by ornamental borders and cappings.

This, the most imposing feature of the structure, will measure at least 160 feet from the level of the street to the top of the cupola, and will be decorated by columns on its four sides, and have clock dials placed over the entablature—the dials measuring at least six feet in diameter. The central pavilion, which will face the City Hall, will be of a similar design, but without a turret. The first story, 22 feet high, will consist of a series of arched openings, supported upon square piers, the whole being rusticated with each alternate block, and the key-stones of the arches enriched.

In the north and south centre pavilions there will be rusticated Doric columns introduced on each side of the grand or main entrance to the Post Office and the courts.

The second story will be 18 feet high, and ornamented with Doric columns supporting broken entablatures. In the third story the pavilions will be enriched by pilasters in place of the columns, and the entire story crowned by a full entablature.

In the fourth story the Mansard roof will extend over the curtains and angular pavilions, and form a pleasing variety of outline, while the dormer windows are designed in an appropriate and characteristic manner.

The arch over the doorway in the north front leading to the court extends above the first story, and the space above it will be decorated with paneling, and the keystone of the arch will bear the United States coat of arms. Projecting balconies, supported on cantilever, will be placed in the curtains in front of each alternate window, and railed balconies formed in the pavilions between the columns.

The statuary to be placed over the entablatures of the columns of the second story will form the principal decorations of the building, and they will be distributed as follows:

On the great south pavilion, *America with Commerce and Industry* on either side; over the right hand entablature *Washington*, on the left *Franklin*. On the north centre pavilion *Justice*, with *History and Peace* on either side. On the north corner pavilion *Strength and Truth*. On the Broadway centre pavilion the *Genius of the Arts, Virtue and Honor*. On the Broadway corner pavilions *Literature and Mechanics*. On the Park Row centre pavilion the *Genius of Science*, surrounded by appropriate emblems. On the Park Row corner pavilion *Agriculture and Navigation*.

The grand entrance to the main office in the postal department will be at the southern pavilion, and will lead to a vestibule, on either side of which the principal stairways leading to the second story will rise. The public corridor will be entered through numerous doors on the Broadway and Park Row sides of the building, and will form a piazza more than 600 feet in length and 25 feet in width, from which access will be had to all the box-delivery, reception-windows and boxes, and stamp-windows. A ladies' department will be located on one side of the main southern stairway, and an intelligence or directory-office directly opposite. At the north end there will be a large passage for the accommodation of the mail-wagons during the reception and dispatch of the mails. This passage will be 25 feet wide at the entrances and nearly 60 feet wide in the centre, where the dumping platforms extend across its length, and where elevators will be placed for the raising and lowering of mails from the basement, 15 feet beneath.

Communications between the first story and all others above it will be effected by five main stairways, one of which, a spiral one, extends directly from basement to the fourth story. A number of elevators will be provided within the larger room on the first floor, to facilitate the transmission of mail matter between the different stories.

In the second story, and directly over the main vestibule, will be the offices of the Postmaster, Assistant Postmaster, and Secretaries, Cashier, and the Money Order and Registered Letter Departments.

The second and third stories at the north end of the building will be set apart for the United States Courts. The District Court will be on the east side of the centre, with the Judges' Chamber placed conveniently adjacent. Commencing at the north-east angle of the building,



DESIGN FOR THE NEW POST OFFICE AND U. S. COURTS, NEW YORK CITY, SELECTED BY THE COMMISSIONERS AND OFFICIALLY APPROVED—VIEW FROM SOUTHWEST, TAKEN FROM VESLEY STREET AND BROADWAY

and extending along Park Row, will be the offices of the District Court Clerks. A special (private) stairway will lead from the main office to the large Record-Room above, on the third story. A similar arrangement of rooms will be made on the left side of the centre for the Circuit Court, Judges' Chambers, Court Clerks' offices, and Record Room. The District Attorney's offices will be placed partly on the south side of the north corridor and partly along the western corridor; but nearly all of them communicating with each other.

The Marshal's offices will be placed on the west side of the corridor. The Circuit and District Courts will each measure 40 by 45 feet; two Judges' Chambers each 25 by 30; Clerks' rooms 30 by 28; in addition to many smaller offices. The District Attorney will have eight rooms; the United States Commissioners two; three for United States Marshal.

The whole building will be heated by steam generated in boilers in the basement vaults. The ventilation will be effected by artificial means, as well as the natural

ones presenting themselves by the interior court covered by the glazed roof.

Five experienced architects are to superintend the work, and it is claimed that the entire building can be completed within two years, and at an outlay not exceeding \$3,500,000, if the appropriations are made in sufficient amounts, and as promptly as will be required.

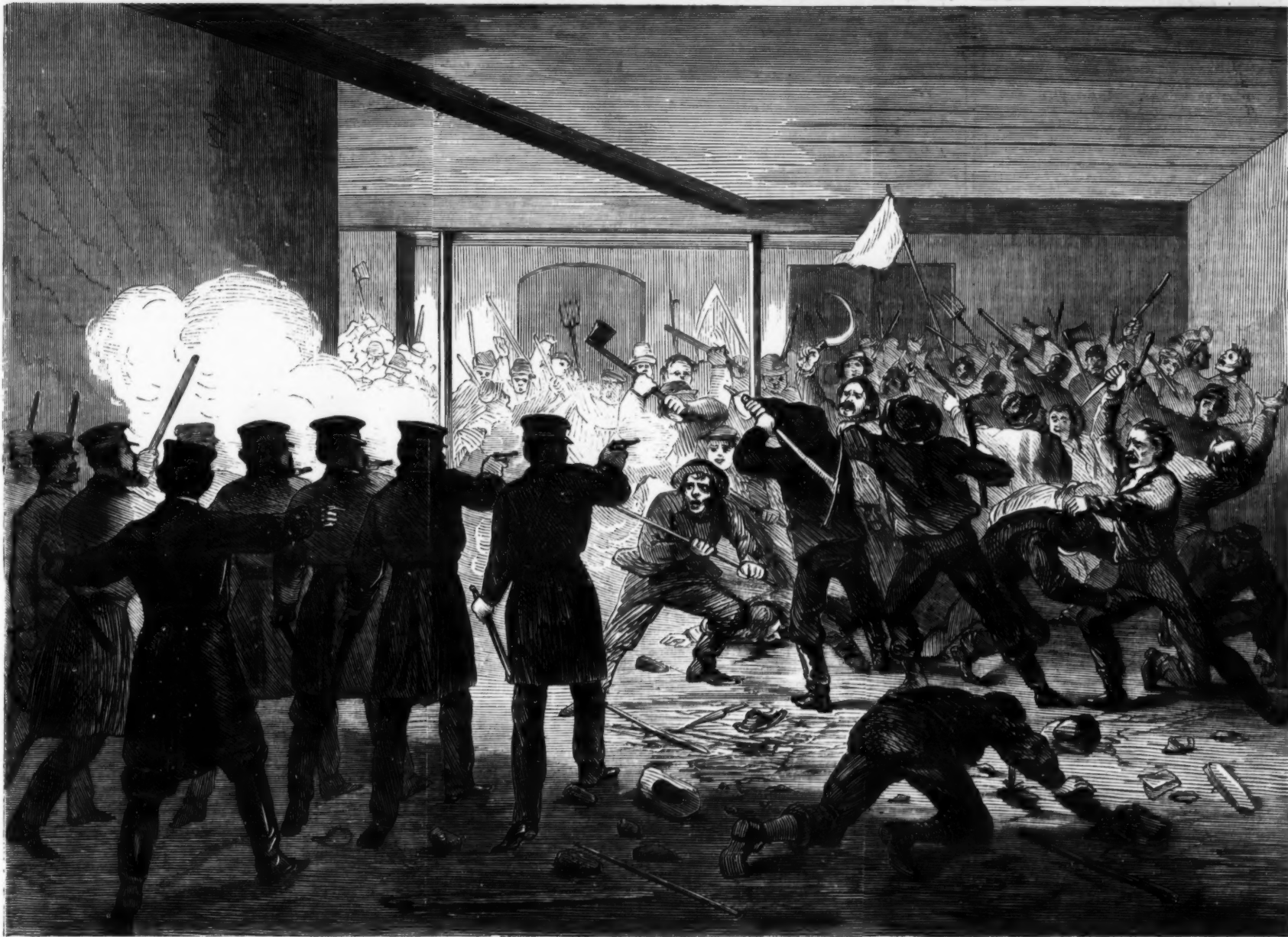
The committee of architects, to whom the various plans were submitted, and who, from the many presented, perfected the one that has been adopted, consisted of

Mr. R. M. Hunt, Chairman of the Institute of Architects, and one of those engaged on the late additions to the Louvre; Messrs. Renwick & Sands, Mr. Renwick also a member of the institute, the architect of Grace Church and of the Roman Catholic Cathedral now building; Mr. M. Le Brun, architect of the Philadelphia Academy of Music and of the Cathedral in that city and Messrs. Corbett, Schulze and Schoen. It must be acknowledged that these gentlemen have fulfilled their mission with admirable skill, taste and judgment.



NORTHWEST VIEW OF THE NEW POST OFFICE AND U. S. COURTS, TAKEN FROM BROADWAY AND MURRAY STREET.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



THE RIOT AT WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y. ON THE 5TH INST.—DESPERATE AND BLOODY CONFLICT BETWEEN THE IRISH AND GERMAN IMMIGRANTS—THE POLICE FIRING UPON THE COMBATANTS.

HOME INCIDENTS.

A Michigan Amazon.

Mrs. G—, of Detroit, not being on the best of terms with her female neighbors, was marked by them as an object on which to wage war. She was induced, upon



A MICHIGAN AMAZON.

some plausible pretext, to enter a house where five of the enemy lay in wait to maul her. No sooner had she passed the threshold than the attack commenced. One of the five threw a large cordwood stick at her, but Mrs. G— caught it on the fly and used it as a weapon against her assailants. The latter pitched into her with pokers, brooms and other articles of feminine warfare. Firmly she stood her ground, valiantly she swung her cordwood stick, and one after the other the assailants fell before her superior prowess. In the tussle a stove with a pot of boiling water was upset and scalded a child, that increased the tumult of battle with its yells of agony. Finally Mrs. G— routed the opposing forces, who fled ingloriously, with broken heads and battered visages, leaving the Amazon mistress of the field.

The Great Riot on Ward's Island, New York—Desperate and Bloody Conflict Between the German and Irish Emigrants—The Police Fire upon the Combatants.

A terrible riot took place on Ward's Island on the morning of the 5th inst., among the German and Irish emigrants, whom the Commissioners of Emigration were obliged to send to that point, on account of the stagnation in business and the severity of the times. The existence of a feeling of intense hostility between the two national parties had been apparent for several months past, but, owing to the vigilance and efficient management of the officers, a collision had been prevented. The day previous to the outbreak a difficulty arose between a German and an Irishman about a cup of water

weapons were freely used. The Irishmen were so surprised that they could offer no successful resistance to their assailants, and they stood not upon the order of their going, but fled precipitately in every possible direction to get out of the basement. Mr. J. H. Hunk, the Superintendent, called in his aids, and succeeded in



FEARFUL SLEIGHING ACCIDENT IN HARDING CO., IOWA.

An Insane Mother Murders Her Five Children.

Near the town of Pembroke, in Canada, live, or rather lived, a German family, named Webber. The father, a tailor, was a peaceable man, and his wife had the reputation of being a kind and affectionate mother. On Friday, the 31st of January last, the father being at work, the eldest daughter went out to milk the cows, but was called back by her mother. On reaching the house she beheld her mother standing in the doorway, with an ax, and within were her brothers and sisters lying around the room, gashed and bleeding. Three of the children were already cold in death, and the other two were lying where they had fallen, with ghastly wounds, precluding the possibility of recovery. Under the influence of a sudden attack of insanity, the mother had seized an ax and had dealt the fatal blows.

carried by the German, which the Irishman upset; the German resenting the action by kicking the Irishman in the abdomen with a force that knocked him to the floor. A tussle between the belligerents ensued, but the Superintendent arrived at the scene, and separated the parties before any serious injuries had been inflicted. It is supposed that both men informed their countrymen of the affair, and that each one depicted the insults to which he had been subjected in a highly-colored manner. The effect seems to have been electrical, for when, on the following day, the Germans, numbering about 600, were forming in line, preparatory to marching to breakfast, their actions and conversation were of such an excited nature, that the officials apprehended some new danger. About 700 Irishmen were in the basement of the hospital building awaiting breakfast, and as the Germans passed in a line through the hallways, an attack was made upon the Irishmen, in which stones, clubs, and every species of missiles that would serve as



WIFE MURDER IN GREENWICH STREET, N. Y.



A MOTHER MURDERS HER FIVE CHILDREN.



REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A BURGLAR.

restoring an apology for good order among the excited Germans. After their stampede from the building the Irishmen assembled in a body near by, and went through a pantomime of earnest conversation, three or four persons appearing to assume the leadership of the party, and to pass directions from mouth to mouth. The object of this council soon became evident, for a movement along the entire line was made to gain possession of weapons, and the party soon re-assembled, armed with drawn knives, pitchforks, saw-go-looking clubs, iron bars, and long poles, presenting a most extravagant and menacing appearance. While these remarkable proceedings were in progress, an attempt was made by the Superintendent to quiet the men, but the effort proved abortive. One of the men tied a green wall which he had obtained from some woman to a long pole, and waving it over his head, shouted to his companions: "That's your flag, boys; now rally round it." Loud and continuous cheers followed this action. At a given signal the men dashed madly toward the basement in which the Germans had barricaded themselves, knocking to the ground every person who opposed their march. Superintendent Hineck immediately dispatched a messenger across the river to secure a squad of police to suppress the riot. An attack was made upon the hospital doors, and after a desperate struggle they were broken down, and the crowd rushed with terrific yells into the corridors, and commenced fighting the Germans, who made strenuous exertions to avert the impetuosity of their assailants. The struggle at this point became fearfully severe; the Germans contesting their ground with wonderful stubbornness, and the Irishmen handling their rude weapons in the most indiscriminate manner. While the fight was raging at its height, and with little indications of either party succumbing, the police landed at the west side of the island. At this intelligence the Irishmen turned from the Germans, and started for the dock to drive back the police, but on reaching that place, saw nothing of the force, and turned again for the hospital to complete their destruction of the Germans. Captain Bennett, of the Twelfth Precinct, who was in charge of the police, disposed of the men in such a manner that both the Irishmen outside the building and the building itself, in which the Germans were still barricaded, were surrounded. The police endeavored to gain access to the building, but were stoutly opposed by the crowd. Orders were then given to fire upon the rioters as the only means of saving the lives of the Germans, which the police accordingly did, and thus gained the mastery of the position. Eighty prisoners were arrested and placed in confinement, and about thirty, equally divided between the two parties, were wounded. Since the disturbance was brought to an end, there has been no apparent disposition to renew the conflict. Legal proceedings have been taken against a large number of rioters, and a squad of police detailed for duty on the island to prevent any further demonstrations.

A Fearful Sleighting Accident.

A dreadful accident occurred in Union Township, Hardin county, Iowa, on the 9th of February last. It was the Sabbath evening. A party were returning in sleighs from a religious meeting, that had been held at Lockard's school-house. There were three teams in a string, all gayly prancing homeward. Suddenly the last sleigh lurched into a deep rut and capsized, throwing the occupants, unharmed, into the snow bank. The frightened horses, breaking from the driver's hands, flew past the middle sleigh, and madly leaped into the advance sleigh, in which were Mr. Spurlin and several men and women. This stampeded Mr. Spurlin's team, and the sleigh was dashed with great force against the trunk of a large tree. The sleigh was demolished, and the occupants scattered, maimed and bruised, in all directions. Mr. Spurlin had been beaten on the head by the iron hoofs of the horses when they leaped into the sleigh, and expired after six hours of intense suffering. The remainder of the party were severely but not fatally injured.

Wife Murder in Greenwich Street, New York City.

On Saturday night, 20th of February last, John Pindar, a laborer, was arrested for the murder of his wife, at his apartments in the tenement-house, No. 591 Greenwich street, New York city. One of Pindar's children, a boy of eight years, named John, gave at the inquest the following particulars of the deed. On Saturday afternoon his father came home and gave his mother \$10 with which to purchase supplies for the household. When he came home at night he found no supper awaiting him, and on questioning the woman, she said she had lost it. The husband declared that he did not believe it, and ordered his wife to return the money. She persisted in saying that she had lost or mislaid it, and he then knocked her down, kicked and beat her. To escape him the woman crawled under the bed, when Pindar tore it down, and taking one of the slats, beat her over the head and body with it until she became insensible. He then dashed a pail of water over her, but as she did not revive he sent his boy up stairs to ask one of the neighbors to come down and care for her. Pindar then left the house, and the fact becoming known that the woman was dead, he was shortly afterward arrested. Dr. Wooster Beach, Jr., made a post-mortem examination of the body, and found it a perfect mass of cuts and bruises. Eight of the ribs on one side, and two on the other side were fractured, besides a fracture of the frontal bone above the left eye. The jury rendered a verdict "That the deceased, Margaret Pindar, came to her death from injuries received at the hands of her husband, John Pindar."

Remarkable Escape of a Burglar.

About a week ago the premises of Moses Loeb, No. 174 North Clark street, Chicago, were entered between the hours of eight and nine in the evening by a burglar, who proceeded at once to bore the safe, in which interesting occupation he was detected by a police officer, who effected an entrance to the wareroom, and confronted the rascal as he was about getting possession of the plunder. The burglar started from his kneeling position, turned toward the officer, and uttering a horrible oath, drew a revolver and fired, the contents fortunately failing in effect. The officer then rushed at the fellow, who boldly made a dash toward the show window, and without taking time to remove many pendant articles of cutlery, dashed through the pane of glass and fled across the street. When upon the other side he turned and fired again upon the officer, this shot also missing its target. Another policeman who was near gave chase after the refugee, who rapidly took to his heels down Erie street, but he suddenly disappeared in the darkness and was lost.

A CHINESE widow, fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly, she saw no harm in adding the operation.

A DEATH-WATCH.

Hush! Still your voice in silent prayer!
The life is passing from a soul,
That o'er itself has no control,
Up in that lighted chamber there;

And gathered in a gloomy ring,
Friends and relations stand around,
Whose thoughts but grovel on the ground,
Whose hopes are heavy on the wing.

A death-watch in that room they keep;
And every eye is turned on one
Whose mortal race is all but run,
Slow sinking to eternal sleep.

No word is breathed around the bed,
Since looks the place of words supply,
As thoughts transmitted through the eye
Become so easy to be read.

Like beings in a trance they seem—
The mourners standing thus impressed
With the sad silence and the rest;
And they will wake as from a dream—

Will wake to find it is not such,
What time the mourned resigns her breath,
Confides in Life's associate, Death,
And stiffens 'neath his icy touch.

A LESSON TO A KING.—An ancient Persian fabulist tells the story of a king, who, having hanged his general because he had lost a battle, resolved in his rage, to kill the widow and children of the unfortunate officer also. The whole country was in distress because of this cruel and unjust resolution, and numerous petitions were sent in. But all was in vain. The despot grew all the more implacable as his sense of humanity was appealed to.

One day the king's chief counselor threw himself at the feet of his master, and asked for justice. He was accompanied by his daughter, a woman of unparalleled beauty.

"Ruler of the world," he said, "your physician, seeing that my daughter surpasses his daughter in beauty, as the sun surpasses the moon in glory, has, in a fit of jealousy, deformed my child by throwing a caustic fluid over her face."

Having said these words, he unveiled his daughter's face. An ugly black spot was exposed, which terribly disfigured the otherwise beautiful countenance of the poor girl.

The king, roused to anger by the sight, immediately sent for his physician.

"Why have you done this to the woman?" he asked.

The physician gave no reply.

"By the sun and all his hosts," cried the king, "with thy head shalt thou pay for this offense!"

He beckoned to the captain of the guard, who at once stepped forward to execute the verdict. But the physician produced a sponge from his bosom, and, dipping it in a basin of water, with one stroke thoroughly washed away the black spot.

"What is this?" asked the king.

"Ruler of the world," the counselor answered, "you have sentenced my friend, the physician, to death, because he only disfigured a girl's face by a stain which could be washed off easily; but what sentence will the Eternal Judge have to pass upon you, if you cast such a stain upon your conscience as you purpose—a stain which all the water of the ocean cannot wash away?"

The king, deeply struck by the question, abandoned his cruel intention, and sent the widow and children of the deceased general home, enriched with tokens of his princely munificence.

THE ORIGIN OF WOMEN.—Ladies will doubtless be interested in the following account of their origin taken from a Madagascar myth: The inhabitants of Madagascar have a strange myth touching the origin of woman. They say that the first man was created of the earth, and was placed in a garden where he was subject to none of the ills which now afflict mortality; he was also free from all bodily appetites, and though surrounded by delicious fruits and limpid streams, yet he felt no desire to taste of the fruits or quaff the water. The Creator had, moreover, very strictly forbidden him to either eat or drink. The great enemy, however, came to him, and painted to him in glowing colors the succulence of the apple, the lusciousness of the date, and the succulence of the orange. In vain; the first man remembered the command laid upon him by his Maker. Then the fiend assumed the appearance of an effulgent spirit, and pretended to be a messenger from heaven commanding him to eat and drink. The man at once obeyed. Shortly after a pimple appeared on his leg; the spot enlarged into a tumor, which increased in size and caused him considerable annoyance. At the end of six months it burst, and there emerged from the limb a beautiful girl. The father of all living turned this way and that way, sorely perplexed and uncertain whether to pitch her into the water or give her to the pious, when a messenger from heaven appeared and told him to let her run about the garden till she was of a marriageable age, and then to take her to himself as a wife. He obeyed. He called her Bahama, and she became the mother of all races of men.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited, about eighteen or twenty months ago, in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykesimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the pyramids, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it; the monarch, whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporaries of the great patriarch! His bones and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only midway between his era and ours.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF MODERN NOVELS.—The English magazines of late have been devoting a good deal of space to discussions of the manner of novel-writing. A writer in one of them takes the position that, in a greater or less degree, every novelist is the hero of his own novel, either in person or in revelation of thoughts, and opinions not otherwise manifested. Mr. Dickens was long ago asserted to be the hero of *David Copperfield*, and this writer asserts that Mr. Bulwer is the hero of several of his novels, beginning with young Ernest Maltravers, and rising through Audley Egerton in *What Will He Do With It*, to the age of the physician who is the chief character in the *Strange Story*. With reference to female novelists, he says, "There are women who rush into fiction just as the meadows break up into daisies, and birds pour out their lives in song. They wish to assert themselves, to explain themselves, to have themselves comprehended, and with sympathy and appreciation, to revolt against the tyranny of the circumstances that surround them, to create for themselves the fancied circumstances in which their idealized characters would have full expansion; and these persons often make a full confession of the restlessness, tragedy, and unsatisfied longings of their lives."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An officer in the navy, seeing a sailor praying before an engagement, reproached him with cowardice. Said he, "I was only praying that the shots might be distributed among the officers in the same proportion as prize-money."

DEACON BROWN lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows:

"The fact is, deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean anything by it."

The deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

When a lady, sitting for a picture, would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say, "Bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say, "Brush," the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth look small, she must say, "Flip," but if the mouth be already too small, and needs enlarging, she must say, "Cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful, she must say, "Kerchunk." If resigned, she must forlornly ejaculate, "S'cat." Ladies, when having their photographs taken, may observe these rules with some advantage to their appearance.

An Edinburgh clergyman, of a rare and quaint genius, was one day seen gazing at the Carlisle mail, as it came thundering down the bridges.

"What are you thinking of?" said a reverend brother.

"I'm thinkin' that next to preachin' the everlasting gospel, I would like to drive that mail."

"Pa, will you answer me a question?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, pa, is the world round?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?"

"Go to bed, sir, and don't disturb me again."

"According to Milton, Eve kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk," said a gentleman to a lady friend, and then added, in a melancholy tone, "Alas! there have been no Eves since."

"Because there have been no husbands worth listening to," was the quick retort.

From Camden to Betchley, a distance of forty miles, I traveled along with Mrs. Graves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First, I am such a good husband, I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Second, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me, and tell Graves. Third, I do not think Mrs. G. would let me.

The following dialogue recently occurred

between a mistress of one of the schools and a scholar:

"James, if you take three from five, how many will remain?"

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the boy, biting his thumb-nail.

"Not know! If five birds were singing on a tree, and a naughty boy should fire a gun and kill three, how many would be left?"

"None," was the prompt reply.

"Why, yes, there would be some left, wouldn't there?"

"No, there wouldn't, 'cause the others would fly away."

Bright boy, that.

The savans of the British Association have pronounced that erolite and meteoric bodies are the results of "dissipated comets." Although we knew that celestial luminaries were up all night, we were not aware that they were of dissolute habits.

SIR WILLIAM CURTIS sat near a gentleman at a civic dinner, who alluded to the excellence of the knives, adding, that "articles manufactured from cast steel were of a very superior quality, such as razors, forks, &c."

"Ay," replied the facetious baronet, "and soap too—there's no soap like Castile soap."

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner:

"Faith, it's not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate, with his hands in his pockets, niver dhraming what a pretty invatashun he'd have to june you jintlemen at dinner."

FASHIONABLE DRESSES are short—so are fashionable husbands who pay for them.

A QUACK, having produced a wonderful hair-invigorating fluid, applied to an editor for a testimonial. He gave it in these terms—calculated, we should think, to convince the most skeptical:

"A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pen-wiper at little cost. We applied the lather to a ten cent nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather-brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Applied to door-steps, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn, makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside, or anywhere where luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes!"

"Well, uncle, do you see any particular difference in neighbor Pearce since he joined the church?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "a great difference. Before, when he went out into his garden on Sunday, he carried his garden-tools on his shoulder; now he carries them under his overcoat."

TWO BROTHERS have married a mother and daughter respectively. Their relationship becomes rather complicated. The mother must say to her daughter, "Good morning, my sister," and vice versa. The husband of the mother is become father of his own brother, who, on his side, can call his brother papa, and his sister-in-law mamma. As yet, there are only four members of the two families; nevertheless, there are already a mother, a daughter, two brothers, a father-in-law, a daughter-in-law, a mother-in-law, a son-in-law, two brothers-in-law, and two sisters-in-law. If the mother should have a son, he will be half-brother of his aunt—but here the relationship begins to get confused.

How MAY a man be known from a fatigued dog? One wears a shirt, the other pants.

A YOUNG couple went to a clergyman to get married. The parson, being a wag, by an innocent mistake, began to read from the prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live."

The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed:

"Sir, you mistake: we came to be married!"

"Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you; but, believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

Why are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

A CONSCIENTIOUS lady excuses her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones by saying, "They are the only bright things on earth which never fade."

The great horse-dinner came off in London on the 6th of February, and the guests, who had eaten, among other things, of "boiled withers," seem to have declared that their own "withers were unstrung." The bill of fare was exceedingly ingenious in the number of horsey adjectives which they discovered to qualify the various dishes. There was consommé de cheval, le saumon à la sauce Arabe and filets de sole à l'huile hippophagique; les terrines de foie maigre chevaline; le filet de Pézasse rôti (it is by no means the first time a Pegasus has been roasted); l'Aloyau de cheval frotté à la Centaur aux choux de Bruxevelles; les petits pâtés à la molle Bucephale; les poulets gignés à hippogriffe, &c. A reviewer in the *Pall Mall* assures us that the roast Pegasus was much the best dish, and "almost equal to first-class beef." It was a filet made from a white cabriolet horse, which had once fetched a price of 700 guineas, and which was twenty years old when slaughtered. The baron of beef, which was from a four-year-old, was, says the same authority, "good meat, and nothing more—not to be named with the roast Pegasus of twenty years." Mr. Frank Buckland persuaded this unfortunate writer to eat some beef, which "was a horrible mixture of red-herring and tough mutton ham." But it was hinted that this beef must have been sick, or the Zoological Gardens would hardly have parted with it, and that wild beef is the most delicious of meats.

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